

COOKIE

The Funniest Kid in Town...





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"STEP UP CLOSER, FOLKS!"
YER ABOUT TA MEET A CELEBRITY!"



THIS HERE'S HIM--THE GREAT
SUPERKATT! YA GOT NO IDEA
 OF THE THINGS HE CAN DO! AND
 NOW-- HE'S GREATER AND
FUNNIER THAN EVER!

OH, HUMPHREY!
 YOU SHOULDN'T SAY
 SUCH THINGS!

AN' **THIS** HERE'S THE **BOOK**
 HE'S IN! YA **GOTTA** READ
 IT! HONEST, YA'LL **DIE** LAFFIN'!



**LISTEN HERE, YOU GIGGLE
 COMICS CHARACTERS! WE'RE
 ALL IN THE BEST COMICS
 MAGAZINE GOING-- AND WE'RE
 GOING TO MAKE IT BETTER
 THAN EVER!**

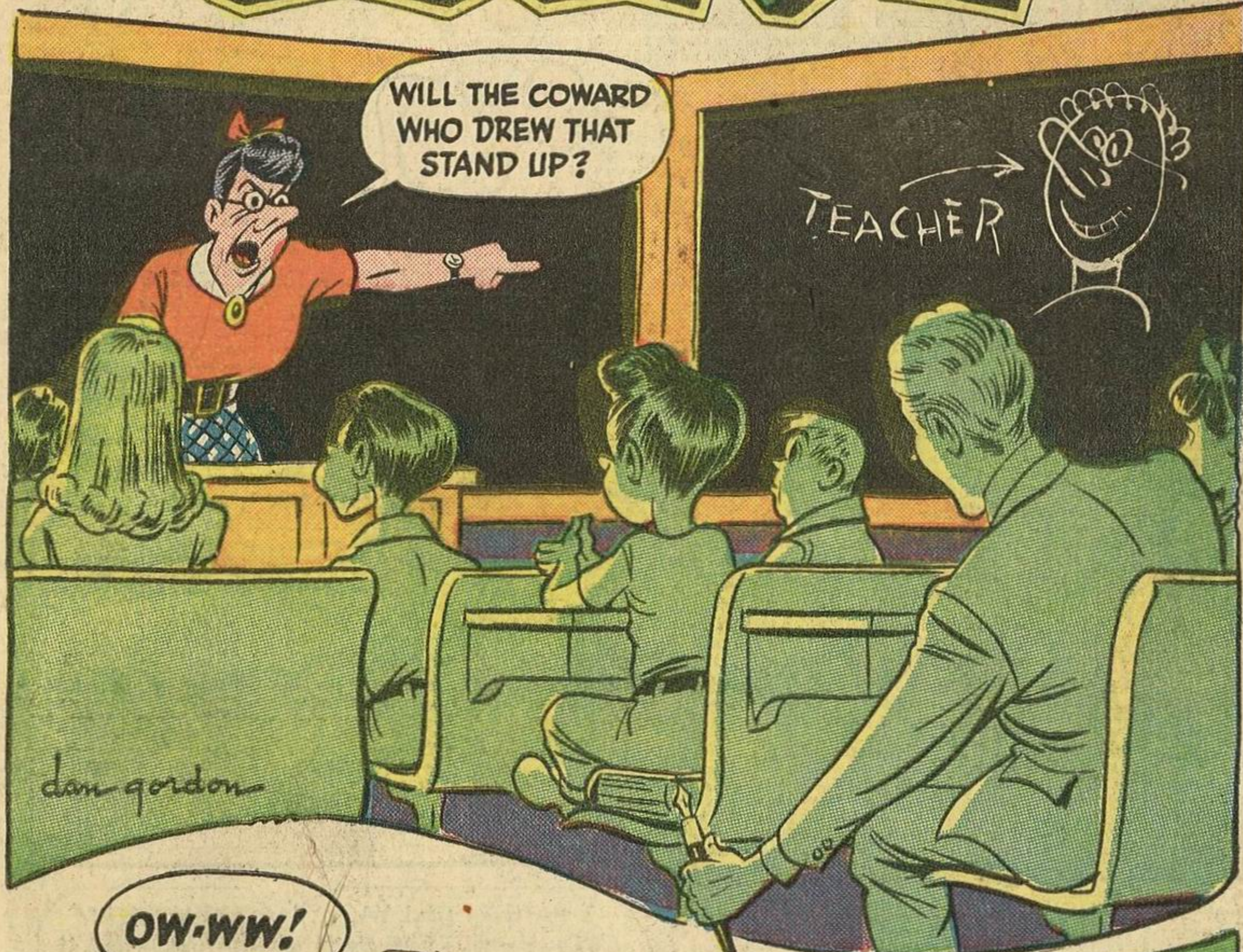
AIN'T HE
WONDERFUL?



Don't miss the best bundle of belly-laffs in America!

GIGGLE COMICS
10¢

"COOKIE"



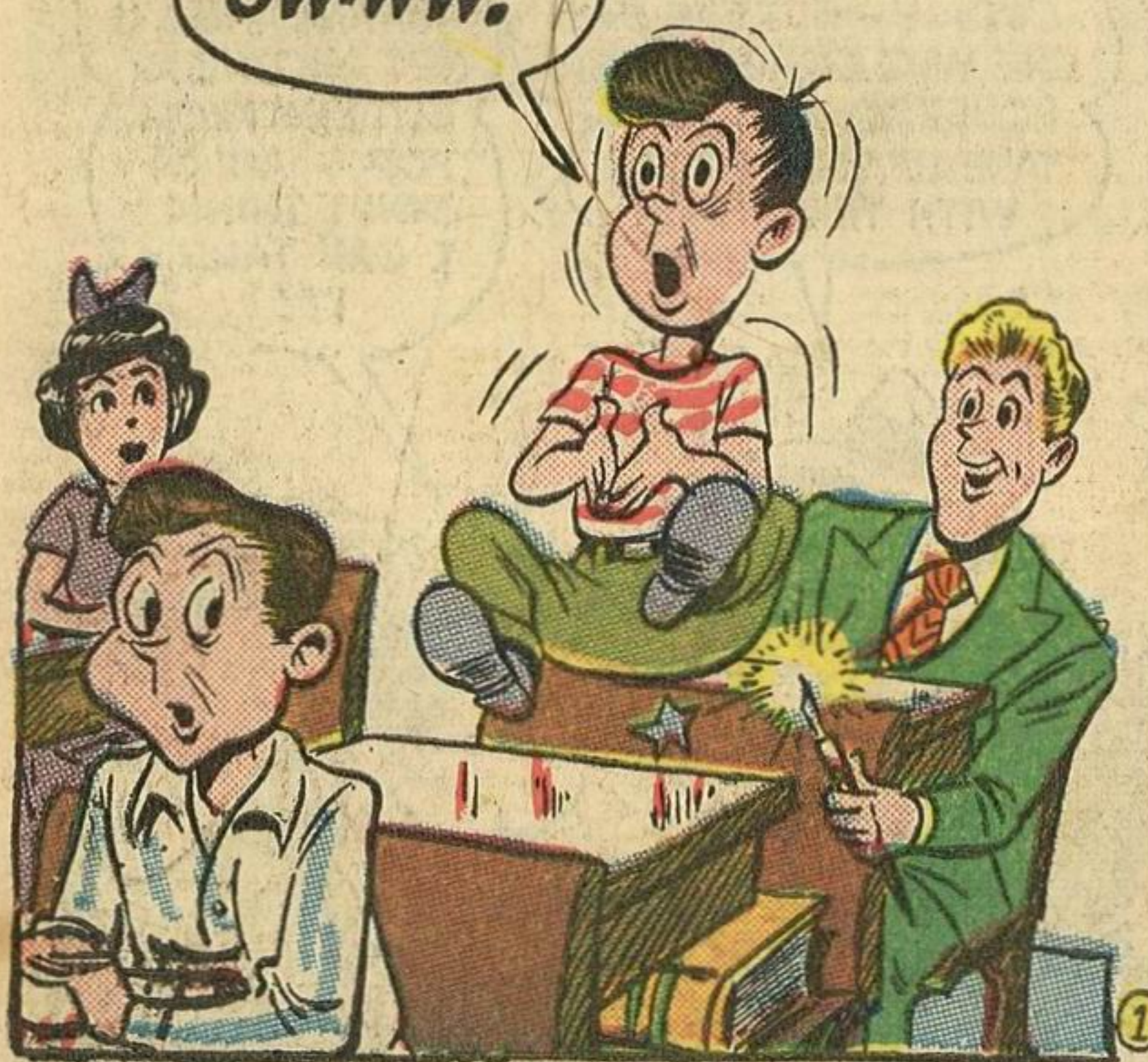
WILL THE COWARD
WHO DREW THAT
STAND UP?

TEACHER



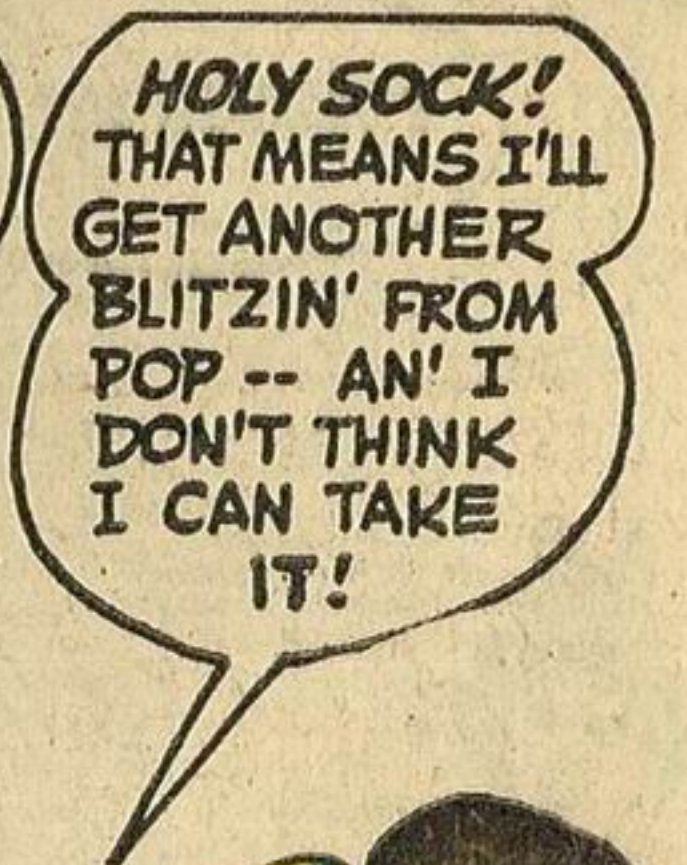
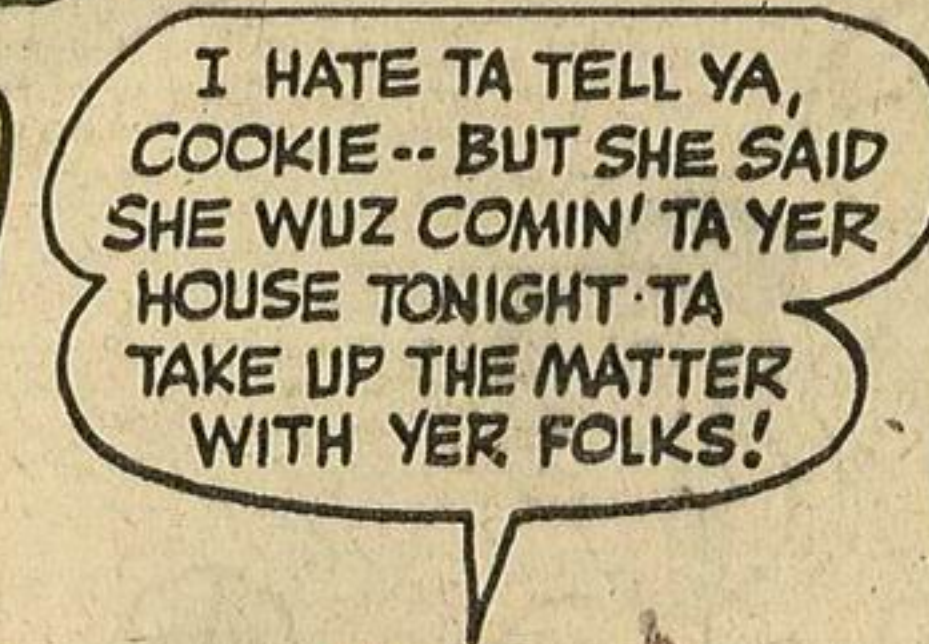
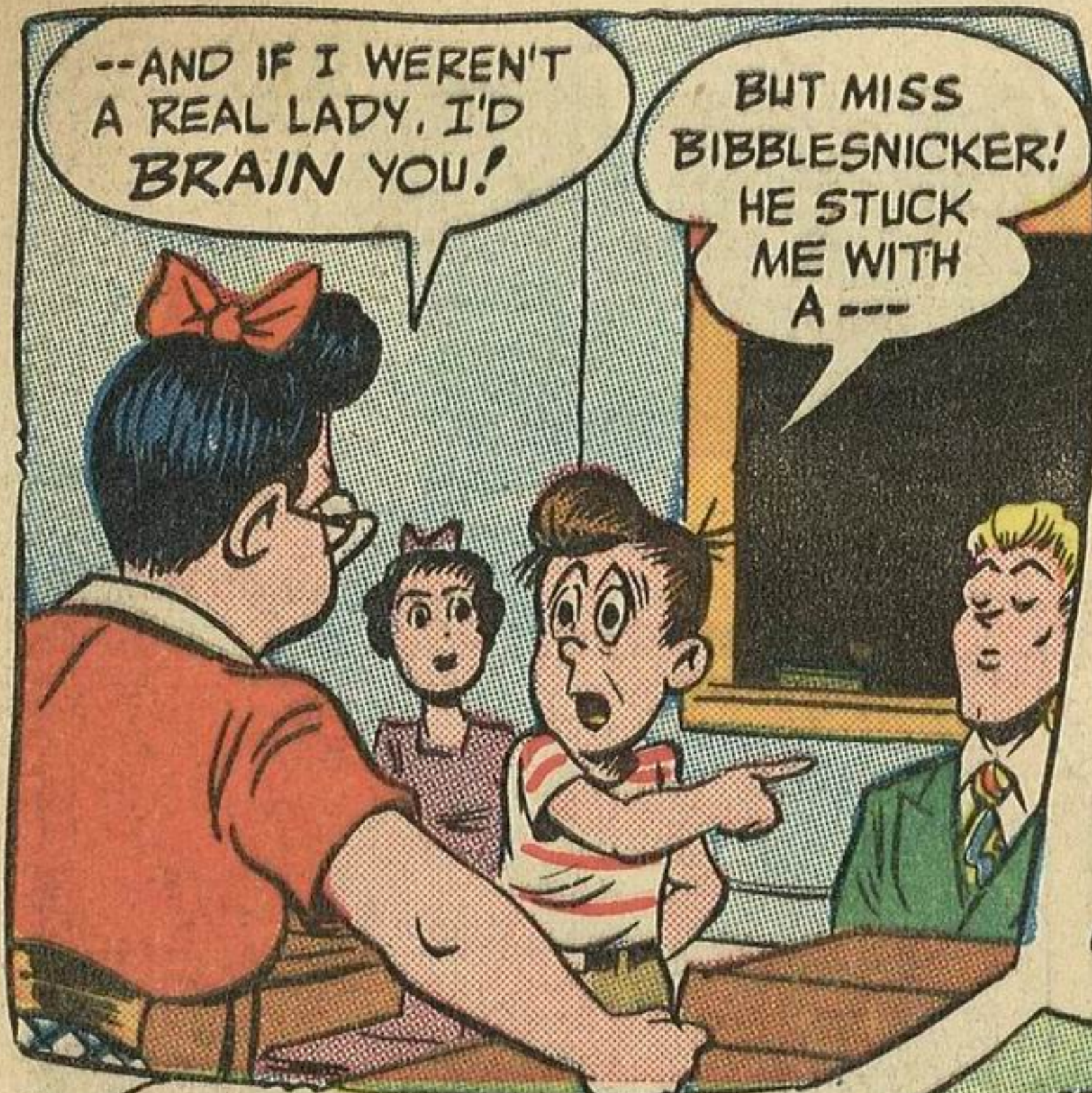
dan gordon

OW-WW!



SO, COOKIE O'TOOLE!
YOU FINALLY GOT UP ENOUGH
COURAGE TO COME TO YOUR
FEET AND ADMIT IT, EH?





S'LONG,
FELLAS....

GOOD LUCK,
COOKIE,
OL' PAL!

SAD,
AIN'T
IT?

YEAH... HE SAID IF HE DON'T
SHOW UP AT THE SODA
JERKERIE TOMORROW,
WOULD WE COME TA SEE
HIM AT THE HOSPITAL!
TCH, TCH!

I'M TELLIN' YOU GUYS
I CAN'T STAND TA SEE A
PAL O'MINE BEIN' LED TA
SLAUGHTER! WE GOTTA
DO SUMP'N!

YEAH,
YEAH, WE KNOW,
JITTERBUCK!
BUT WOT?

AW, MAYBE
HE'LL BE LUCKY!
MAYBE HIS FOLKS'LL
GO TA THE MOVIES
OR SUMP'N!

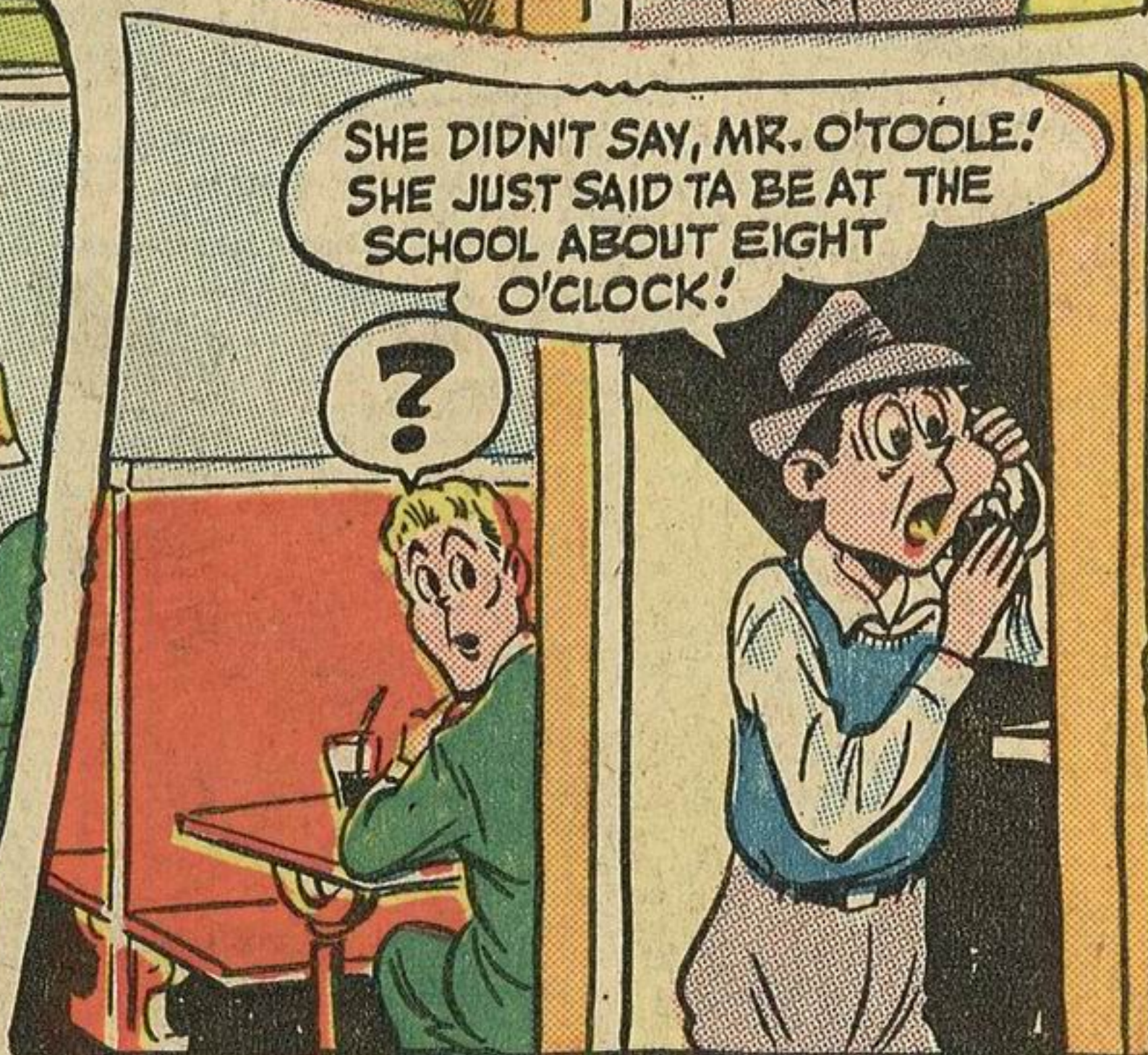
NOT A CHANCE!
THE OL' MAN WON'T GO
UNLESS LAUREN
BACALL IS PLAYIN',
AN' IF SHE IS, THE
OL' LADY WON'T
LET 'IM GO!

ANYWAY, COOKIE'S
THE HONEST TYPE!
HE'LL TELL 'EM THE
TEACHER'S COMIN'
AN' TAKE HIS
MEDICINE!

HEY, WAIT!
LOOK! SUPPOSIN'
SUMP'N MADE COOKIE'S
MOM AN' POP THINK
THEY HADDA GO SEE
MISS BIBBLESNICKER
AT SCHOOL?

SO
WOT?

SO THEY WOULDN'T
BE HOME WHEN SHE GOT
THERE! C'MON -- I GOT
A SCHEME!



A little before eight...

I THOUGHT
YOU WUZ GOIN'
TA THE O'TOOLES
TONIGHT!

I AM, MOM.. I
AM! BUT I WAS
JUST GETTING IN A FEW
LICKS IN CASE HIS FATHER
TURNS OUT TO BE THE
TROUBLESOME
TYPE!



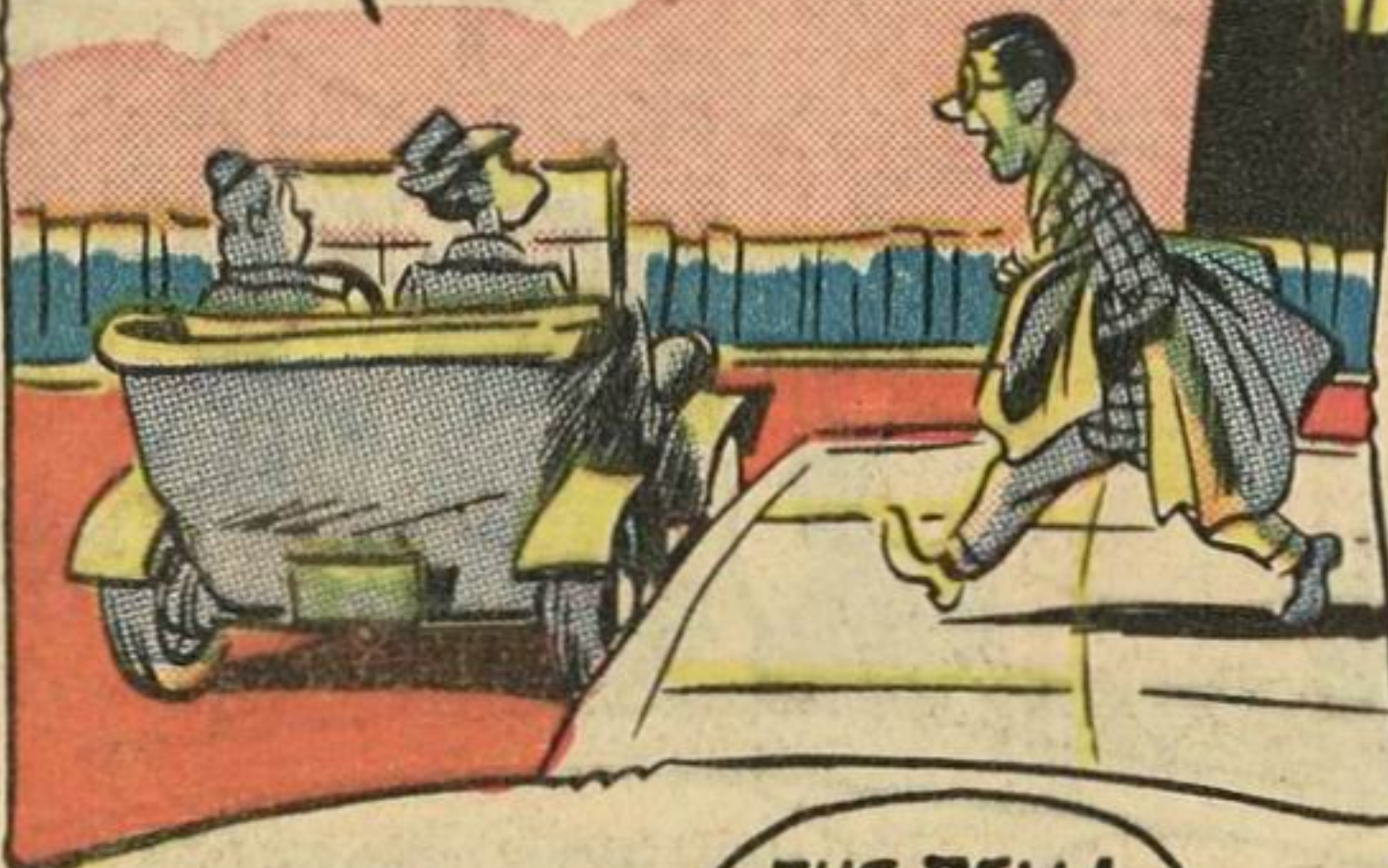
NOW REMEMBER, COOKIE!
DON'T DARE LEAVE THIS HOUSE
TILL WE GET BACK,
SEE?

YESSSSIR!



ALL SET,
DOWNBEAT?

YEAH -- I GOT ALL
THE JUNK LIKE YA TOLD
ME! LET'S GET
OVER TA
COOKIE'S!



TEACHER

SCHOOL

BOOM!



YESSIR --
I CAN THINK
OF ANOTHER
PLACE WHERE
THEY COULDA
TRIED OUT THE
ATOMIC
BOMB!



RINNNING!

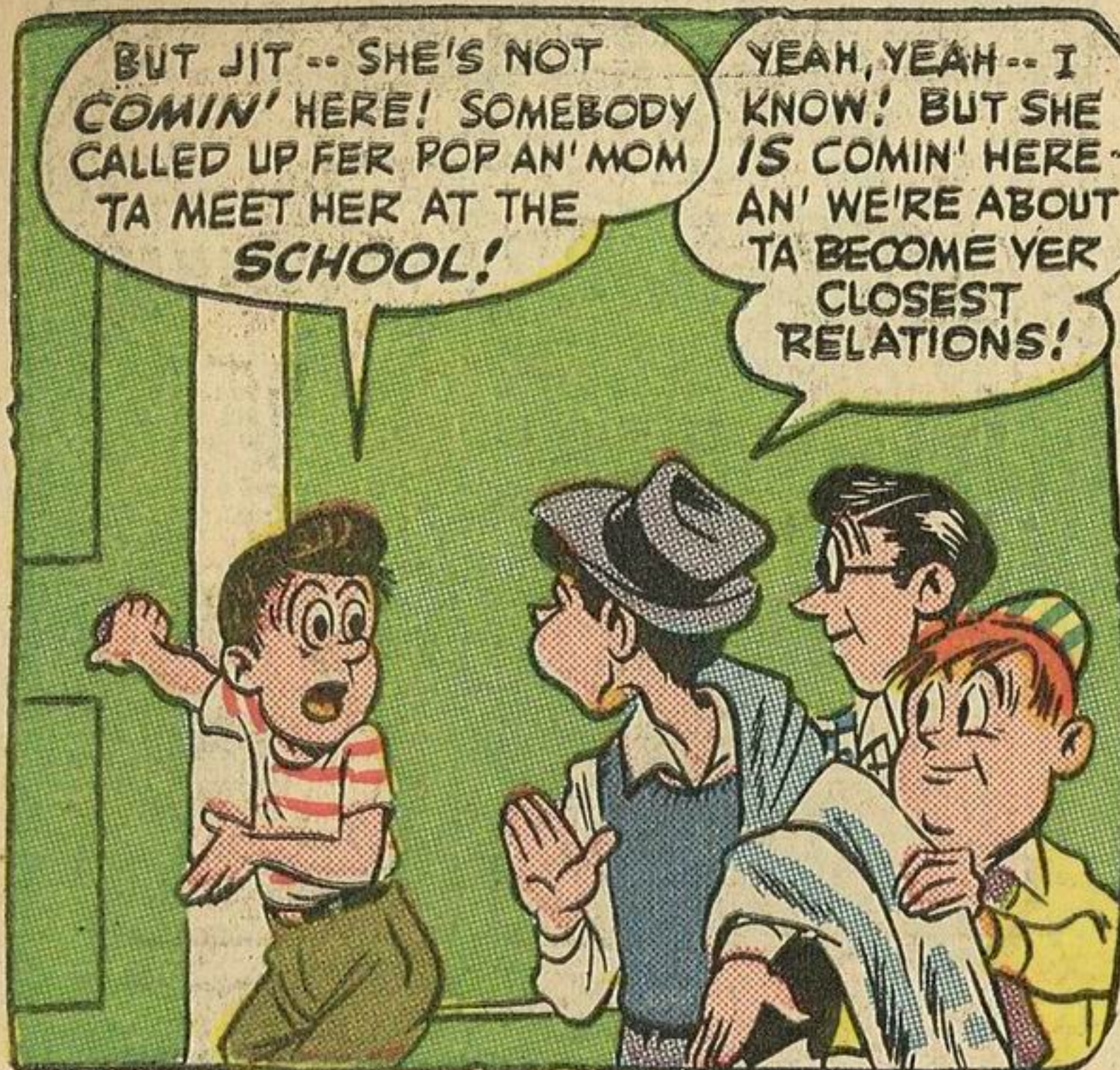
THE BELL!
THAT CAN'T BE
POP BACK
ALREADY..
I HOPE!



THE GANG!
WOT'RE YOU
GUYS DOIN'
HERE?

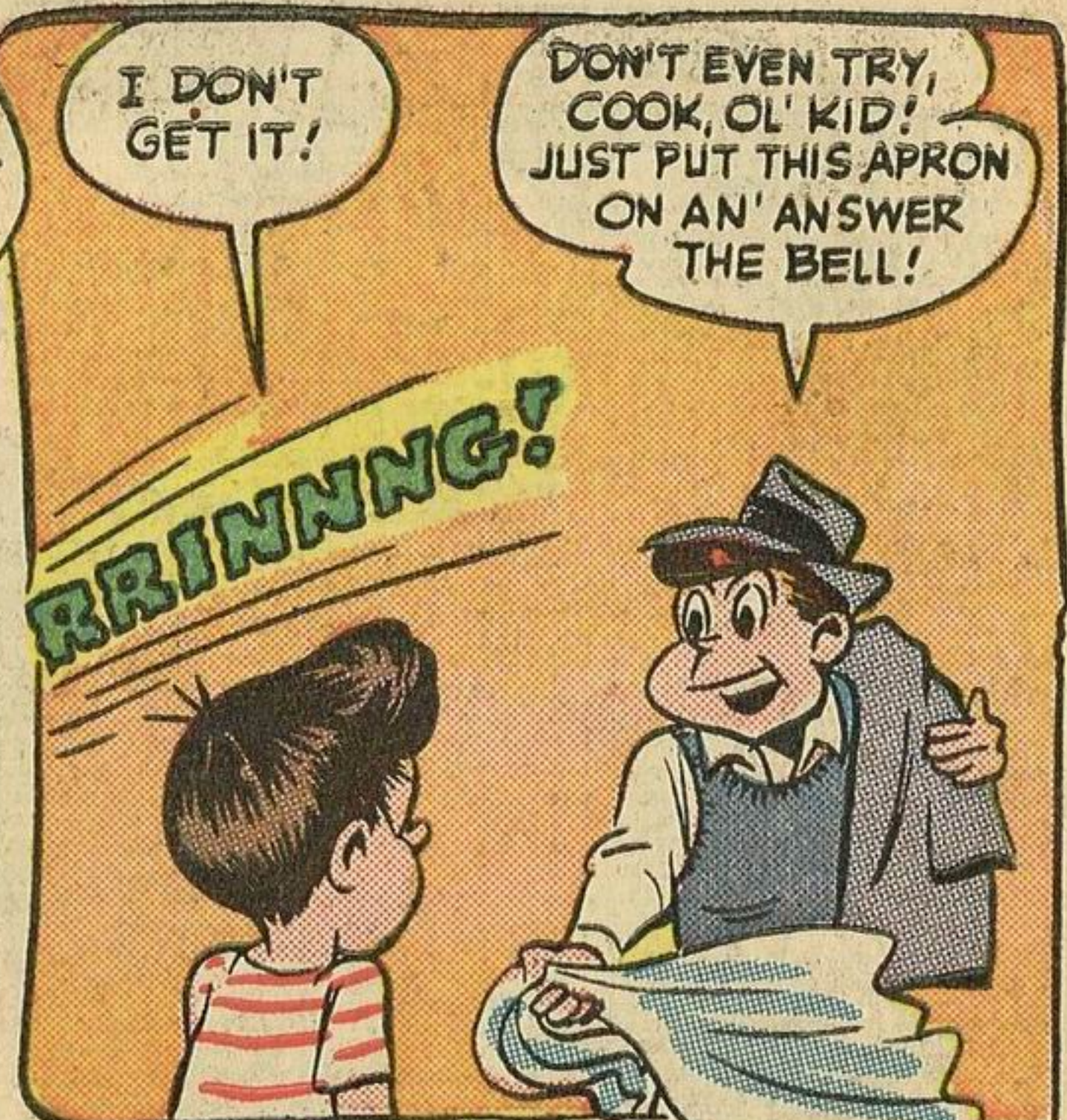
IT'S A RESCUE
ACT! AN' YA BETTER
LET US IN FAST--BEFORE
MISS BIBBLESNICKER
GETS HERE!





BUT JIT -- SHE'S NOT COMIN' HERE! SOMEBODY CALLED UP FER POP AN' MOM TA MEET HER AT THE SCHOOL!

YEAH, YEAH-- I KNOW! BUT SHE IS COMIN' HERE-- AN' WE'RE ABOUT TA BECOME YER CLOSEST RELATIONS!



I DON'T GET IT!

DON'T EVEN TRY, COOK, OL' KID! JUST PUT THIS APRON ON AN' ANSWER THE BELL!

RRINNNNG!



UULP! M-MISS BIBBLE-SNICKER!

WHO ELSE?

COOKIE, YOU BRAT! COME HERE!



GET BACK TA YER WASHIN,' YA--- WELL, WELL! HIYA, BABE!

WOT THE--- JIT!



AS YOU KNOW, I'M MISS BIBBLESNICKER, YOUR SON'S TEACHER AT HARELIP HIGH, AND I'VE COME TO---

WELL, NOW, AIN'T DAT PEACHY! HOW'S ABOUT YOU AN' ME CUTTIN' A RUG?



B-BUT, MR. O'TOOLE!

NOW, NOW, TOOTS! YA DON'T WANNA BE A WALLFLOWER ALL YER LIFE, DO YA?



PAW!

AND WHO, PRAY TELL, IS THAT PAINTED HUSSY?

IF YA MEANS DIS SLICK CHICK HERE, SHE'S MISS BIBBLESNICKER, COOKIE'S TEACHER!

OH, MISS BIBBLESNICKER -- I'M SO SORRY! YA'LL HAVE TA FORGIVE PAW --- HE'S THE IMPULSIVE TYPE!

ARE YOU KIDDING?

THIS IS ME DAUGHTER BEDELIA --- SHE'S A NITWIT!

UHP!



ER -- I REALLY CAME -- ER -- TO DISCUSS YOUR SON, COOKIE!

OH, YES -- COOKIE! THE POOR BOY! JUST FOLLER ME, DEARIE!

YA SEE, WITH THE REST O' THE FAMBY WOT IT IS, AN' HIS PAW BEIN' A NO-GOODER, COOKIE HERE TAKES IN WASHIN' TA SUPPORT HIS POOR MAW AN' JERKY SISTER!

OH, THE POOR BOY! I DIDN'T REALIZE!



Meanwhile...

WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER FOR THAT TEACHER! LET'S GO!

I GUESS IT WASN'T IMPORTANT ANYWAY, POP! COOKIE'S A **GOOD** BOY!

Harelip High School

UH-HUH... MAYBE! I STILL GOTTA RUSH HOME TO FIX UP SOME REPORTS!

WELL, FANCY THAT -- CHARLES BOYER'S AT THE BIJOU! I THINK I'LL GO!... I'LL BE HOME LATER!

CHARLES BOYER
IN PURPLE LOVE

Back at the house...

--SO YA KIN SEE HE AIN'T GOT NO TIME AT ALL FER BOOK LOININ'!

AND TO THINK I'VE BEEN SO **CR-RUEL!**

C'MON, YOU! I'M GOIN' TA THE POOL ROOM AN' I NEED SOME DOUGH! GET IT UP, OR---

I'LL QUEER THIS LITTLE GAME--AN' **HOW!**

OH-OH... **ZOOT!** THERE'S GONNA BE TROUBLE!

SH-HHH! I'LL HANDLE THIS!

WELL, WELL! WHAT A **COZY** LITTLE FAMILY GATHERING!

MISS BIBBLESNICKER--**LOOK!** HERE HE IS -- THE SKUNK WHOSE OL' MAN HOLDS OUR MORTGAGE AND KEEPS MY BOY'S FINGERS WORKED TA THE BONE!



WHY, YOU
OVERSTUFFED
PHONEY!
I'LL ---

HALP!



PICK ON A POOR
DEFENSELESS
MOTHER, WILL
YOU -- YOU --
YOU ---

OOF!

OH-OH!
COME
BACK!



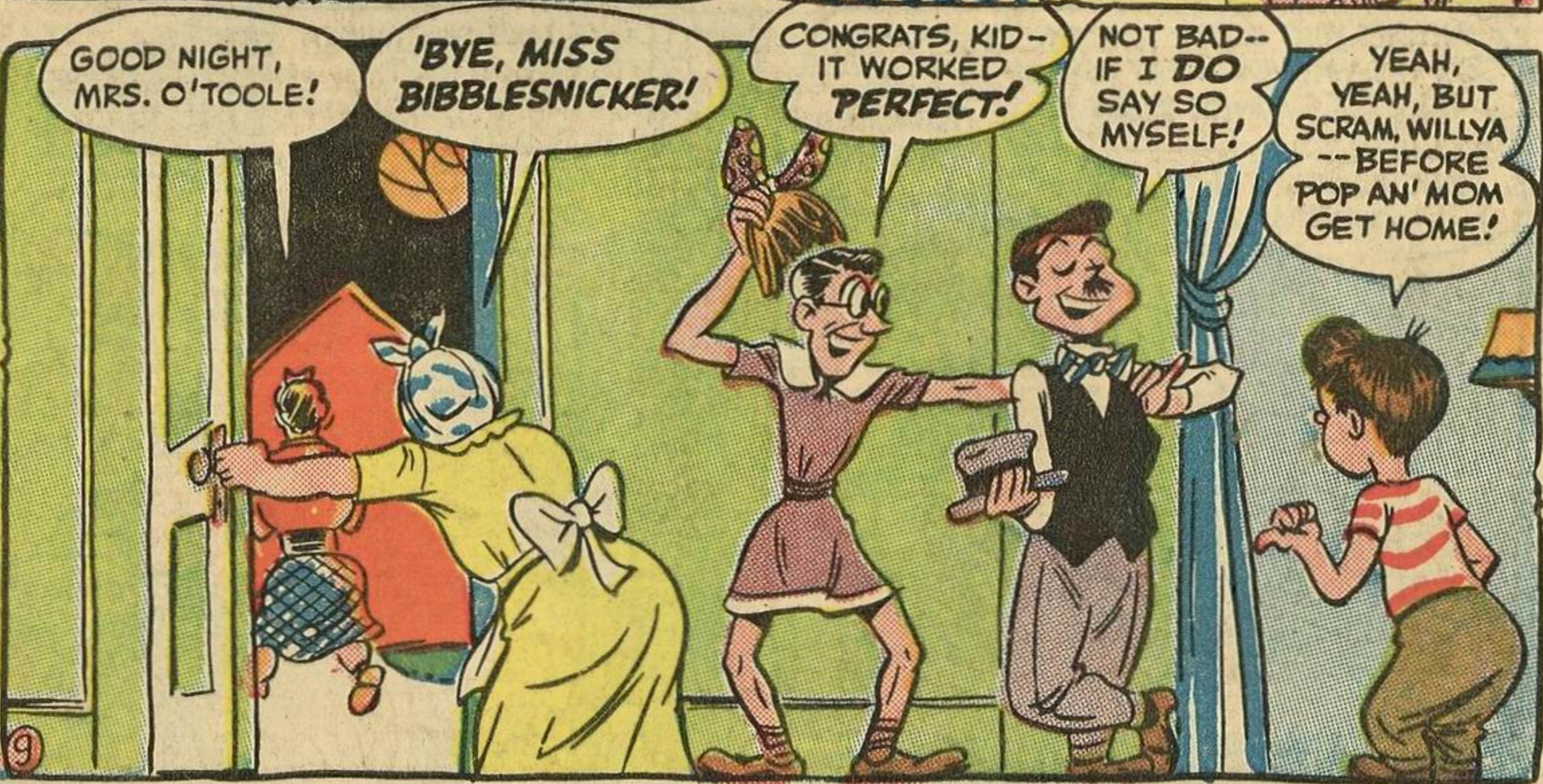
OUT!

OW!



MY POOR, DEAR BOY! PLEASE --
TRY TO FORGIVE ME! FROM NOW
ON, YOU'LL FIND ME THE KINDEST,
MOST CONSIDERATE TEACHER
-- I PROMISE!

PSST!



GOOD NIGHT,
MRS. O'TOOLE!

'BYE, MISS
BIBBLESNICKER!

CONGRATS, KID --
IT WORKED
PERFECT!

NOT BAD --
IF I DO
SAY SO
MYSELF!

YEAH,
YEAH, BUT
SCRAM, WILL YA
-- BEFORE
POP AN' MOM
GET HOME!

THE SHEER BRUTALITY OF THAT
SCOUNDREL O'TOOLE MUST BE
REPORTED TO THE AUTHORITIES---
AND I'M THE GAL
TO DO IT!



I WONDER WHAT IT WAS
COOKIE'S TEACHER WANTED
ME FOR! THAT KID!
TCH, TCH!



OOF!

OOPS!



A-HA! O'TOOLE!
THE CHILD-BEATER--
THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING
LOAFER!

HUH?
B-BUT---



ANYONE WHO COULD TREAT A
SON THE WAY YOU TREAT COOKIE
---**THERE!** MAYBE **THAT**
WILL HELP YOUR
DANCING AND
POOL-PLAYING!

BUT
MADAM--
---OW-WW!



LOOKS LIKE SHE MUSTA
GOTTEN WISE TA THE
MASQUERADE! SHE FOUND
OUT THAT WUZ ONLY JIT
IN MR. O'TOOLE'S
OUTFIT!

HUMMMF!



OH-HHH!



HERE'S MY LITTLE
BIT, PUNK! YOU GUYS
THINK YA PULLED A
FAST ONE TONIGHT,
HUH?



WELL, STUPID?
AND JUST WHAT
IS THE
MEANING
OF THIS?

J-JUMPIN' JIVE!
IT--IT'S THE REAL
McCOY-- I MEAN,
O'TOOLE!



JEEPERS, SIR, I DIDN'T KNOW
IT WUZ YOU! YA SEE, JITTERBUCK
AN' THE CROWD, THEY WERE ALL
DRESSED LIKE -- I MEAN ---
WELL, YA SEE, COOKIE---



IF YOU MEAN THAT MY
SON IS BACK OF ALL
THIS, SAY NO MORE!
I MIGHT HAVE
KNOWN IT!

YESSIR ---
I MEAN--ER--
GOOD NIGHT!



--AND I THINK THIS WRETCH
O'TOOLE IS NOT ONLY A THREAT
TO HIS OWN FAMILY, BUT A
MENACE TO THE COMMUNITY
AS A WHOLE!

OKAY,
LADY--WE'LL
LOOK INTO
IT RIGHT
AWAY!



WELL?

ER...
H'LO,
POP!





THIS IS THE JOINT, CLANCY! IT'S JUST LIKE THE DAME SAID! LOOK!

OKAY! LET'S GO!



JUST A MINUTE, YOU!

HUH? WHAT'S THE IDEA?

SURE, JIT -- EVERYTHIN'S SWELL NOW! NAW.. THERE'S NOT A CHANCE OF 'EM EVER MEETIN' THE TEACHER!

SH-HH -- WAIT A MINUTE! MOM'S COMIN'!



THERE'S BEEN COMPLAINTS ABOUT YOU AN' WE DON'T LIKE IT, SEE? THIS TIME I'M WARNIN' YA --- BUT THE NEXT TIME, WE RUNS YA IN!

OF COURSE! NATURALLY! I MEAN -- YES, SIR!



OH, COOKIE! HERE'S SOMETHING NICE WHICH CAME IN THE MAIL!



LISTEN, IT'S FROM THE HIGH SCHOOL! IT SAYS, "WE, THE FACULTY, REQUEST THAT ALL PARENTS ATTEND A MEETING OF THE P.T.A. ON FRIDAY, SO THEY MAY HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF MEETING THEIR CHILDREN'S TEACHERS." ISN'T THAT NICE?

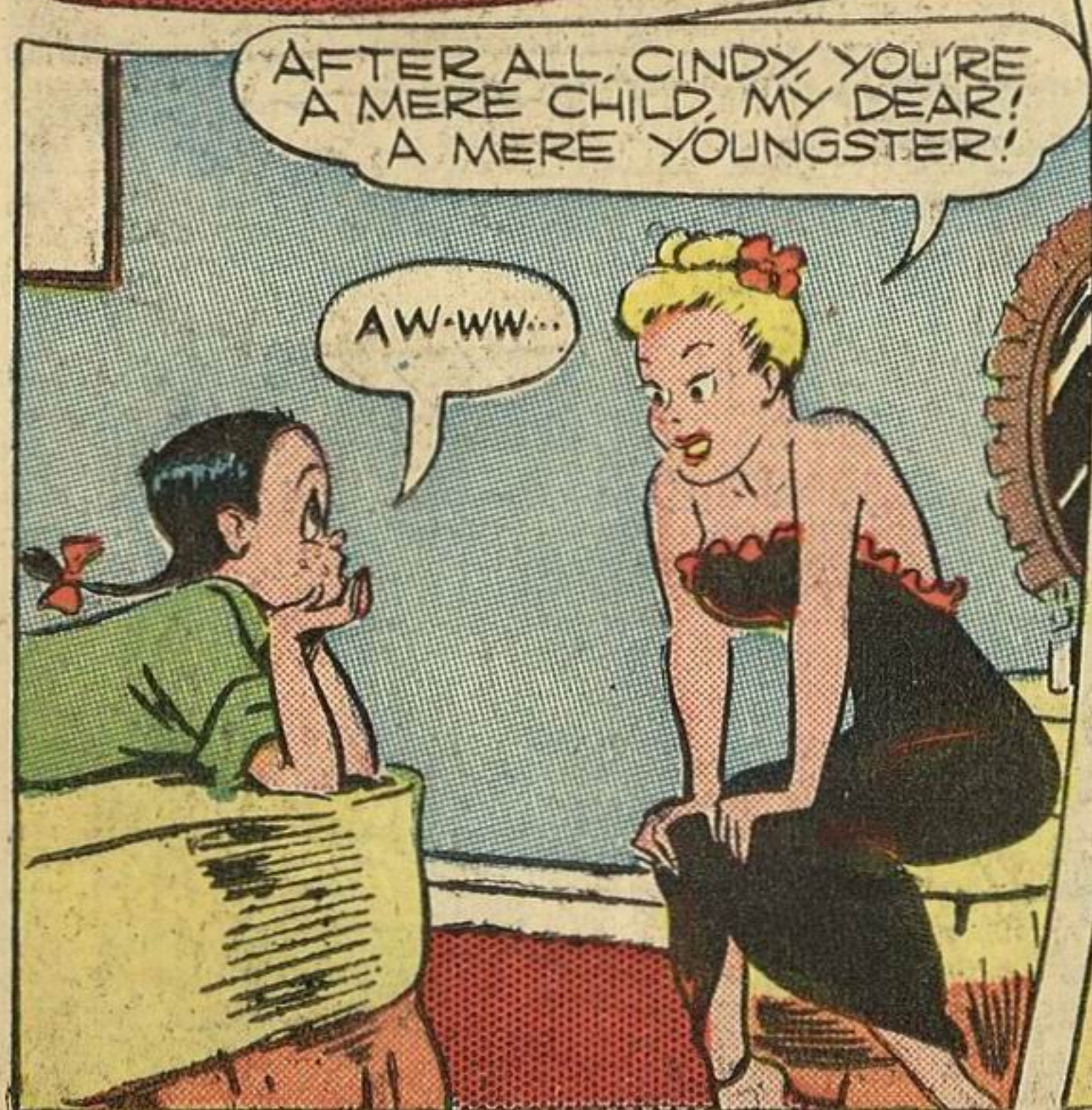


WOT'S THE MATTER?

I DUNNO! I JUST HEARD A LONG GROAN -- AN' THEN A DULL THUD!

The END

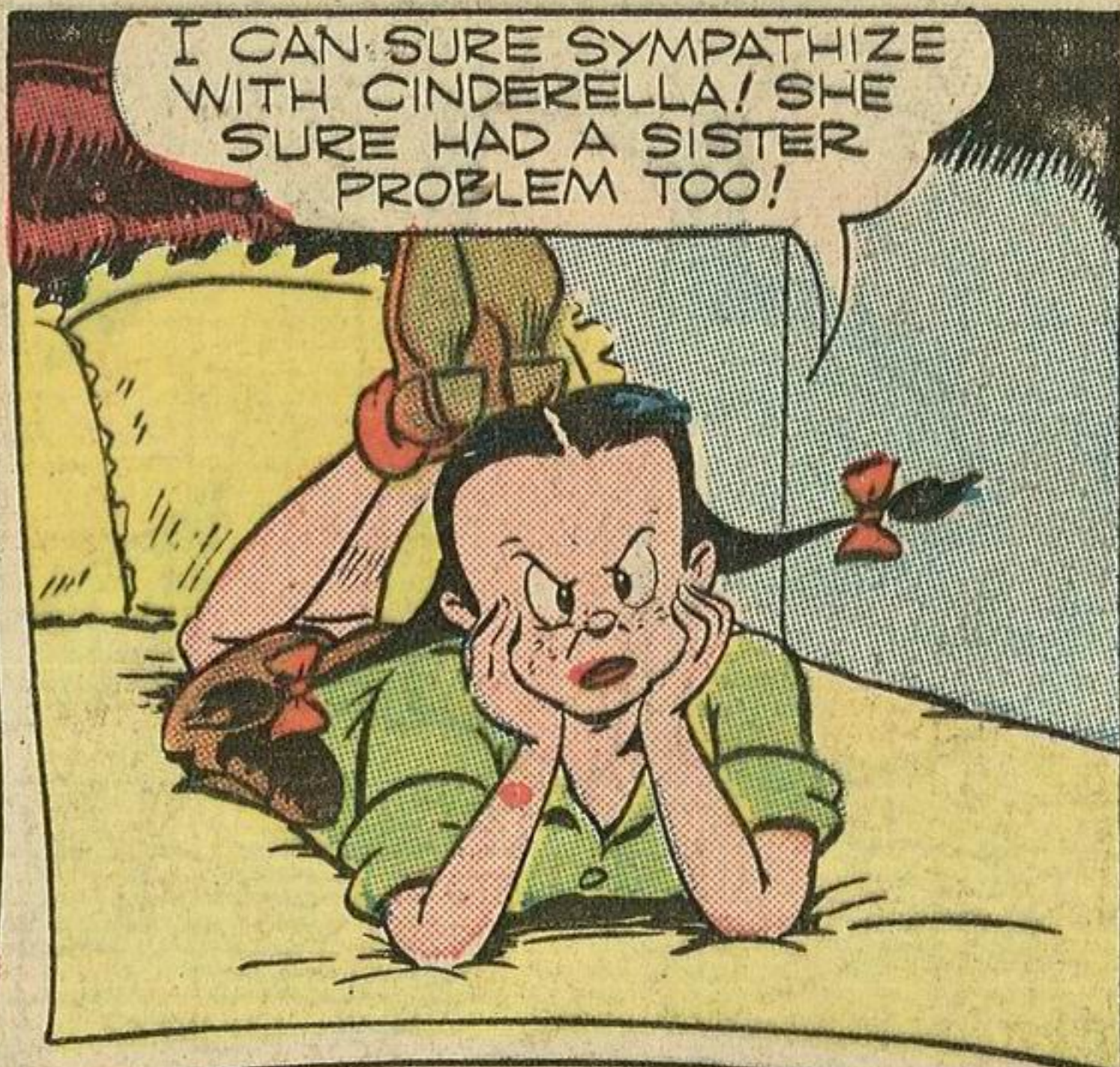
CINDY



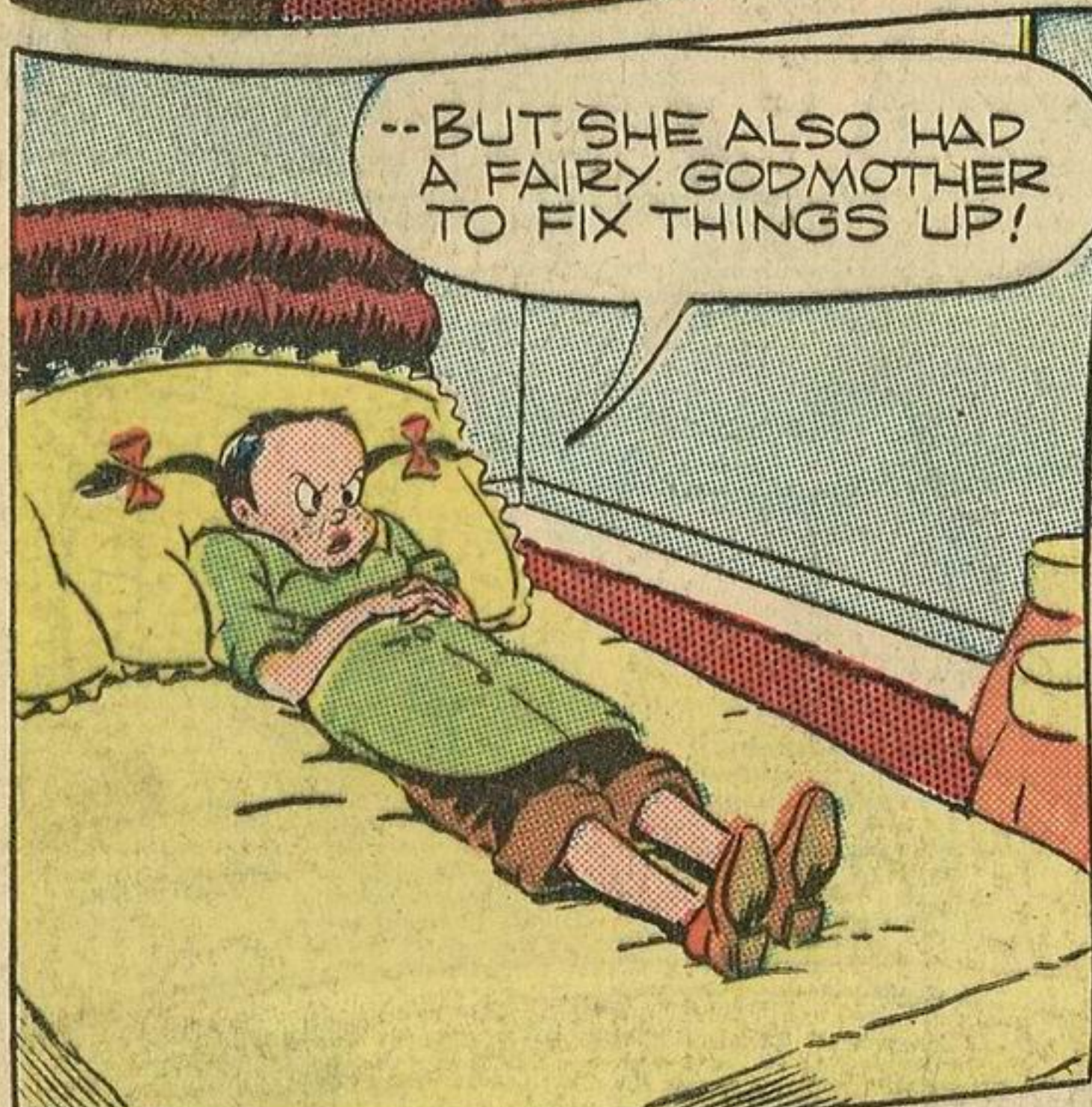


TOODLE-OO, LITTLE CINDERELLA! BE SURE TO BE IN BED BEFORE THE CLOCK STRIKES NINE!

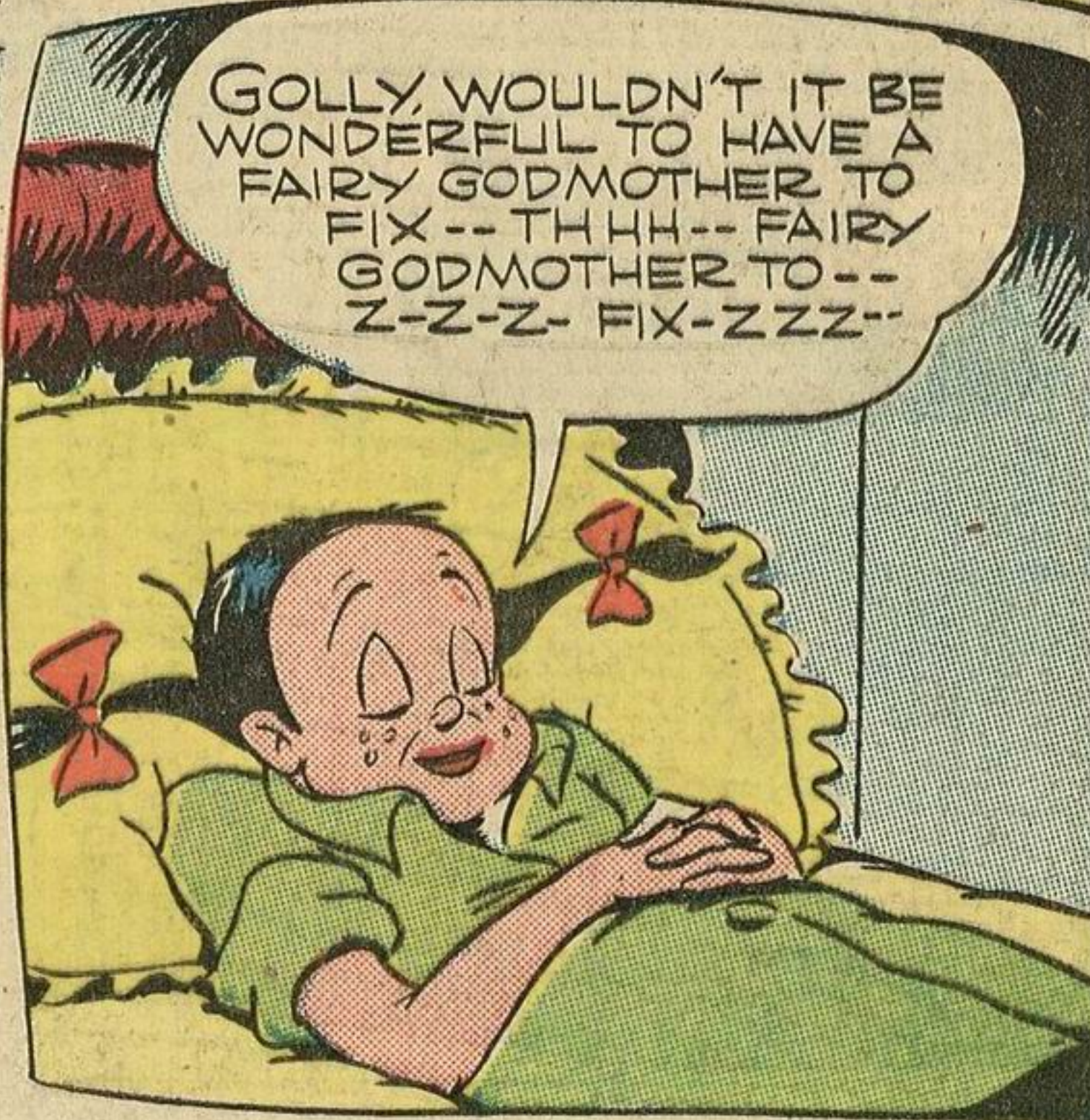
CLOCK STRIKES NINE, PHOOEY!



I CAN SURE SYMPATHIZE WITH CINDERELLA! SHE SURE HAD A SISTER PROBLEM TOO!



--BUT SHE ALSO HAD A FAIRY GODMOTHER TO FIX THINGS UP!



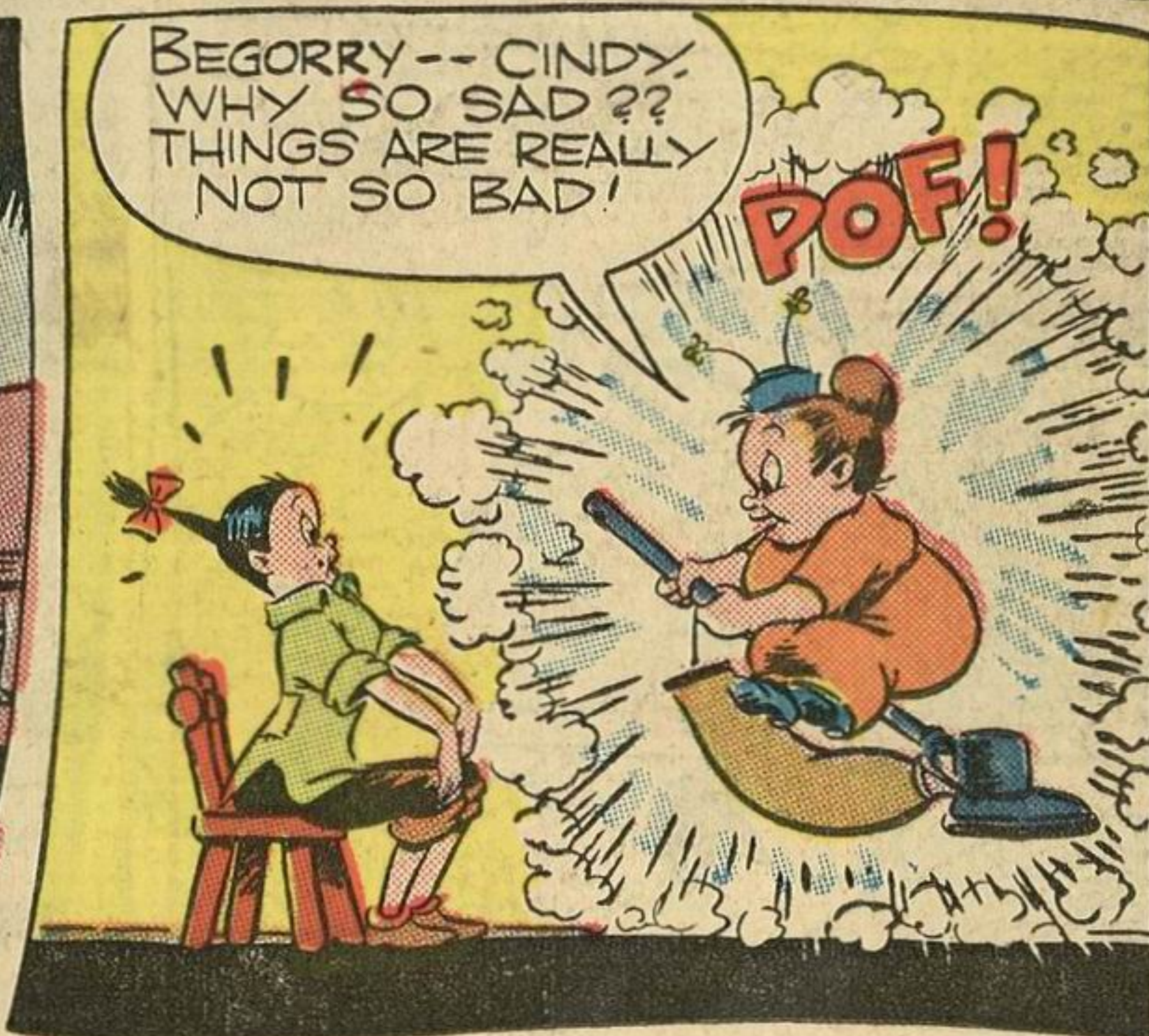
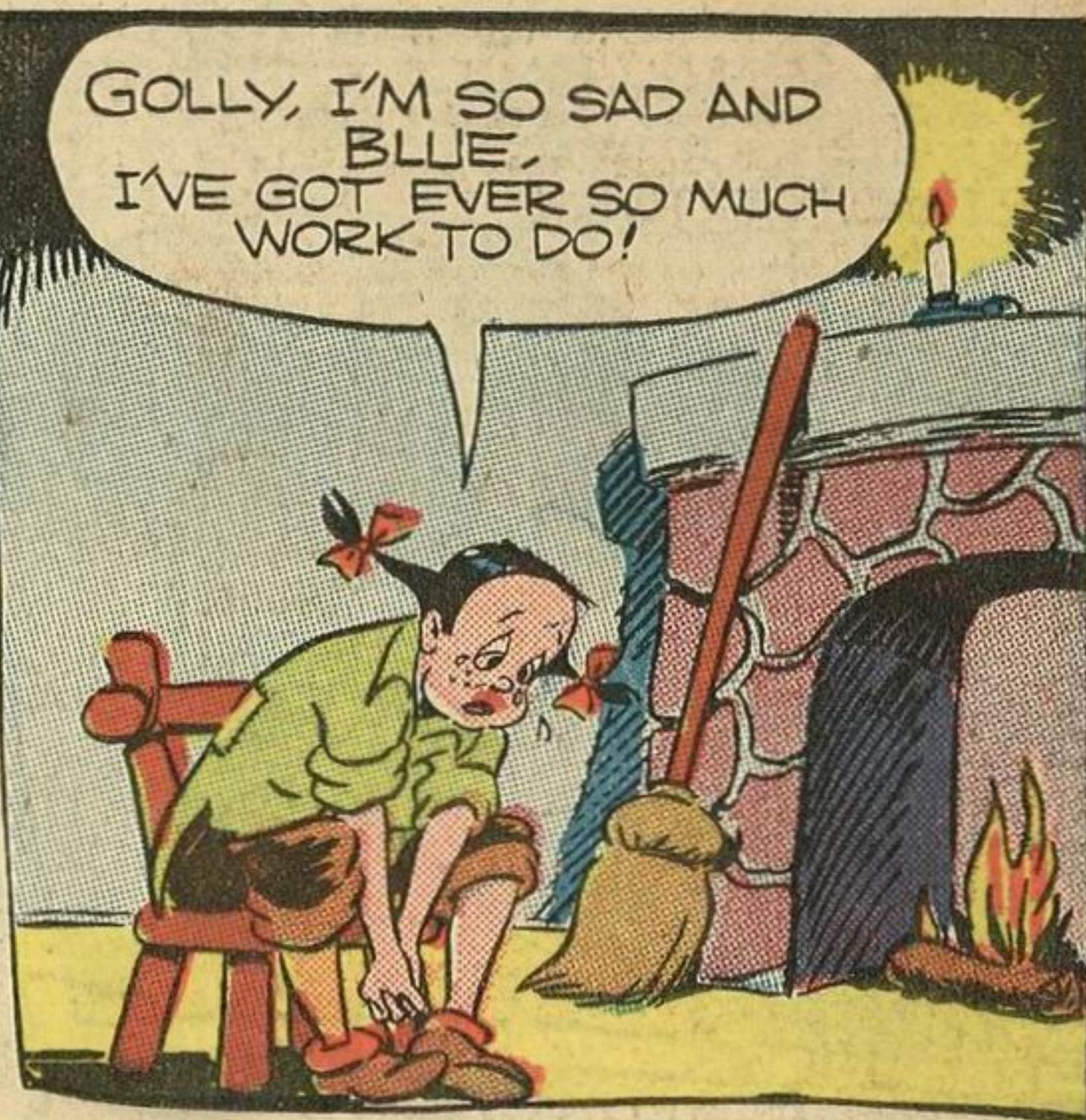
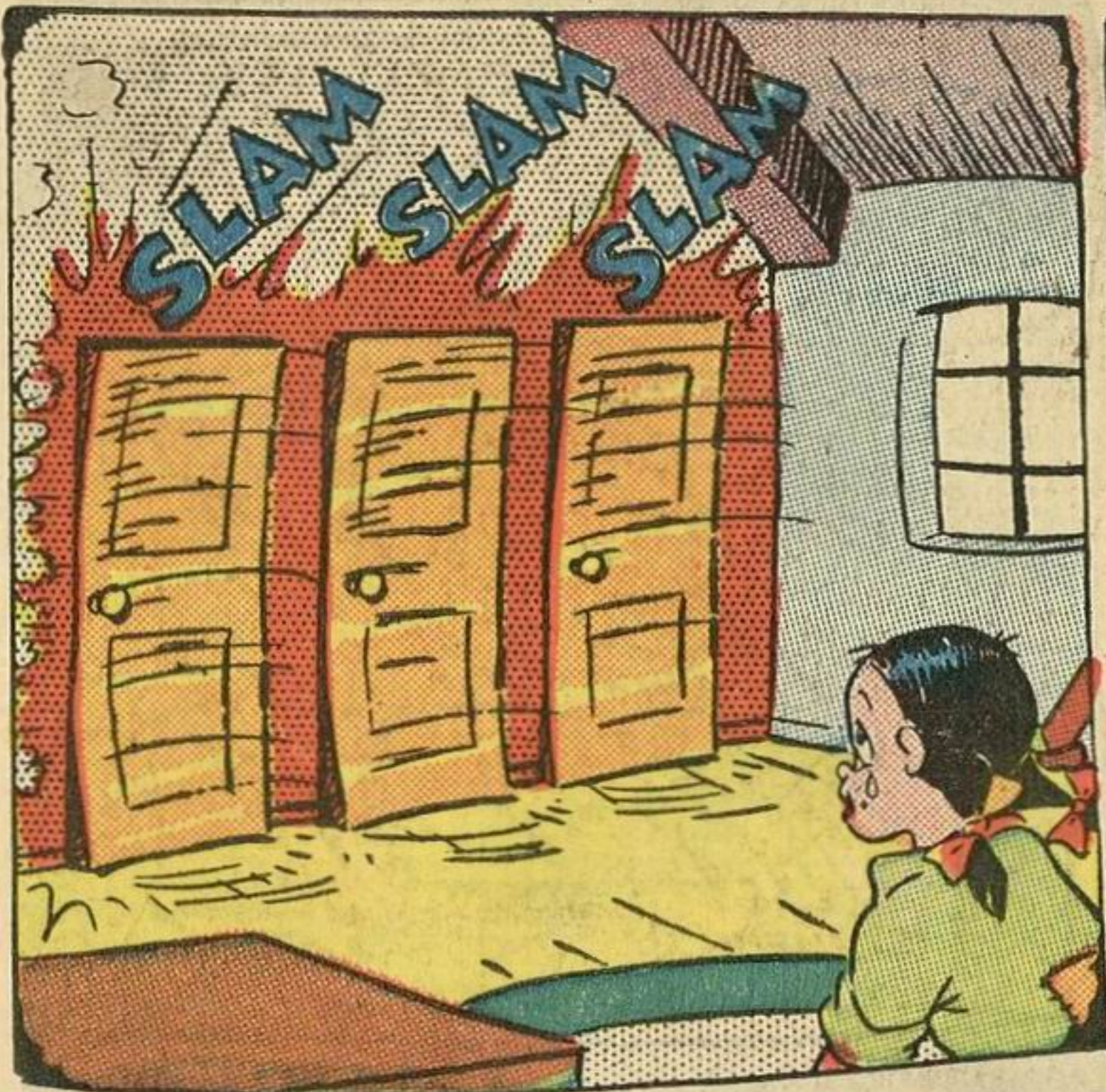
GOLLY, WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL TO HAVE A FAIRY GODMOTHER TO FIX-- THHH-- FAIRY GODMOTHER TO-- Z-Z-Z- FIX-ZZZ--



TOODLE-OO, INFANT! WE'RE OFF TO THE BALL!



--BE SURE AND SCRUB THE ROOMS AND THE HALL!

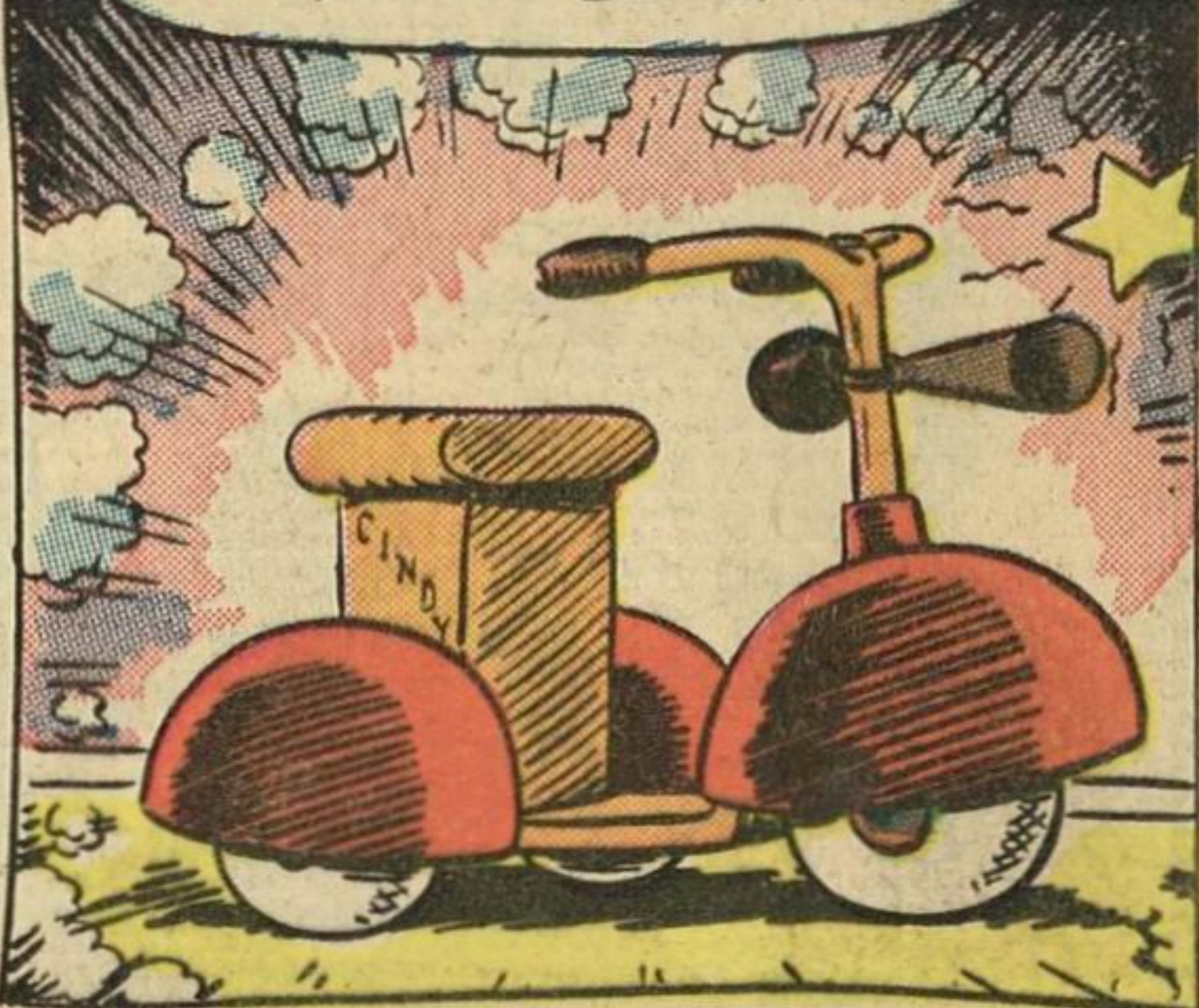




ABRA - CADABRA, SIX-
SEVEN-EIGHT---!



-- NOW OFF TO THE BALL,
OR YOU'LL BE LATE!



REMEMBER TO
LEAVE BEFORE THE
MIDDLE OF THE
NIGHT,
OR THE CHARM WILL
BE BROKEN AND
YOU'LL BE A SIGHT!
IN YOUR TATTERED OLD
CLOTHES YOU'LL BE
SUMPETHIN'
RIDING AROUND ON A
BIG YELLOW PUMPKIN!



I'LL REMEMBER
FOR SURE, MRS. O'GRADY!
I'LL BE HOME BY
TWELVE, LIKE A
GOOD LITTLE
LADY!



ANNOUNCING
MISS CINDY O'RELLA!



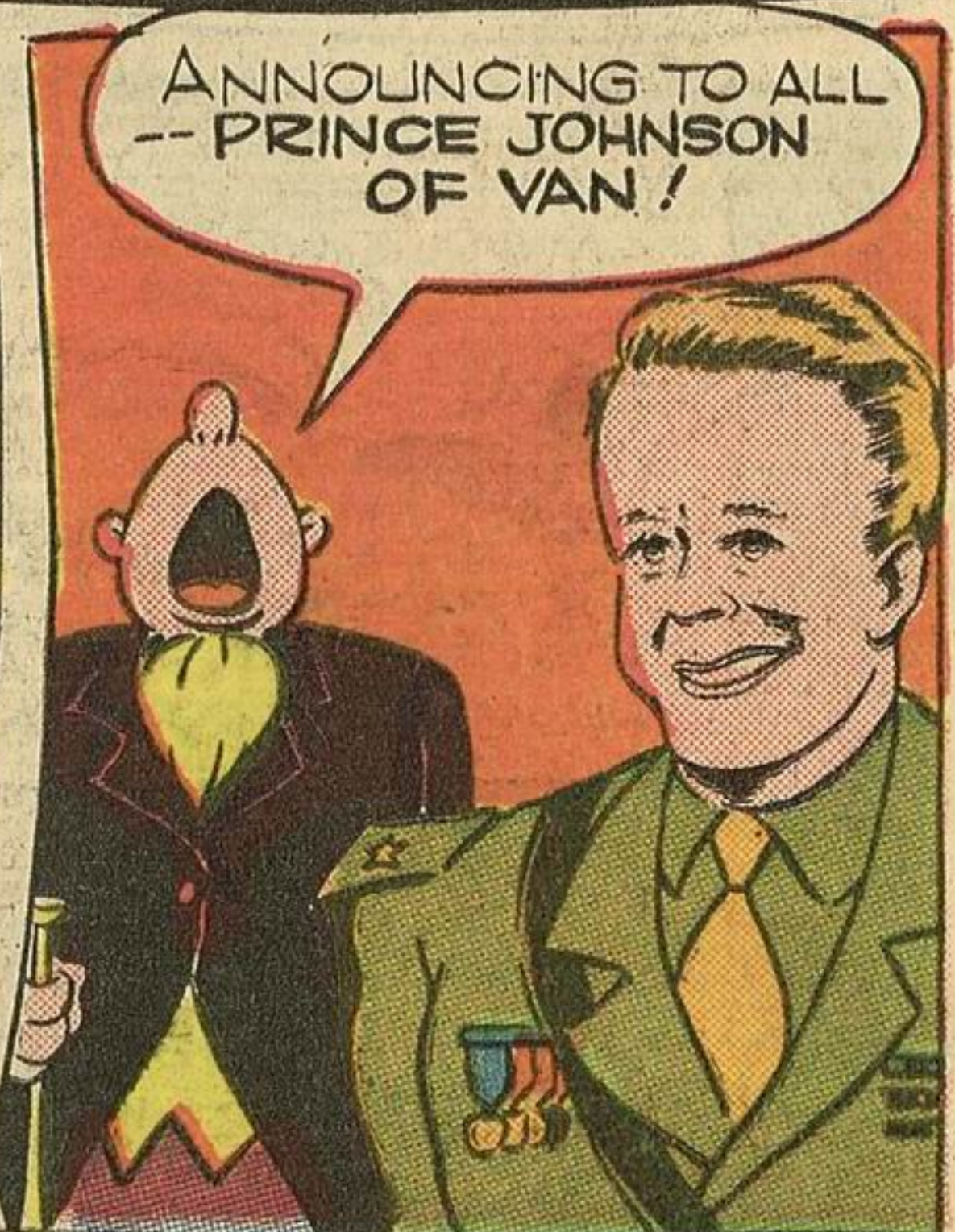
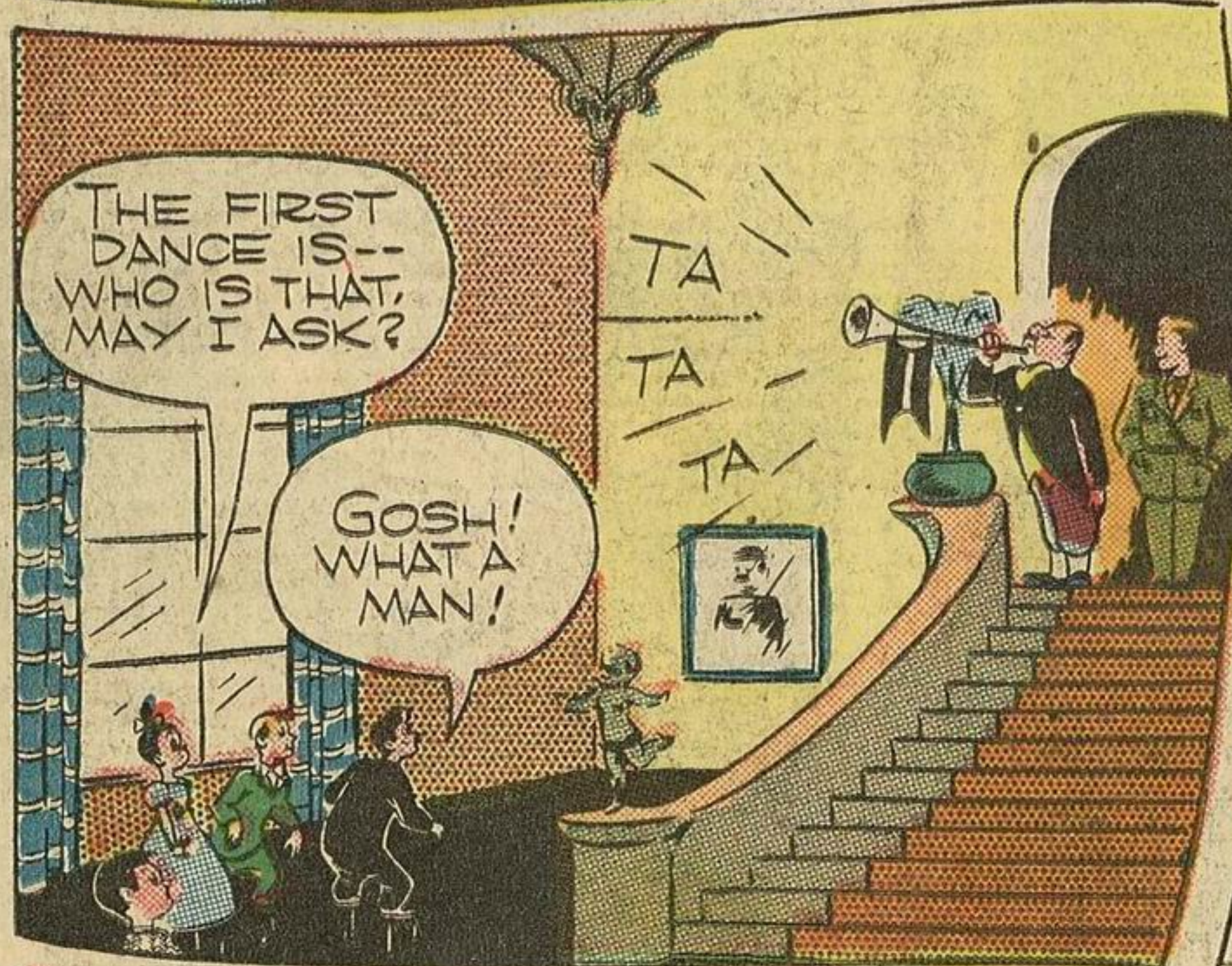
HOLY
SMOKES,
MEN! LOOK
AT THAT
CUTIE!

NOT
SNOOTY!

A
BEAUTY!

THE
CASTLE
FORMAL
DANCE
TONIGHT









COOKIE

GOLLY, JITTERBUCK! CAN YA IMAGINE WOT ANGELPUSS WILL SAY WHEN SHE SEES ME IN **THIS**?

EKK!

YEAH! KINDA!

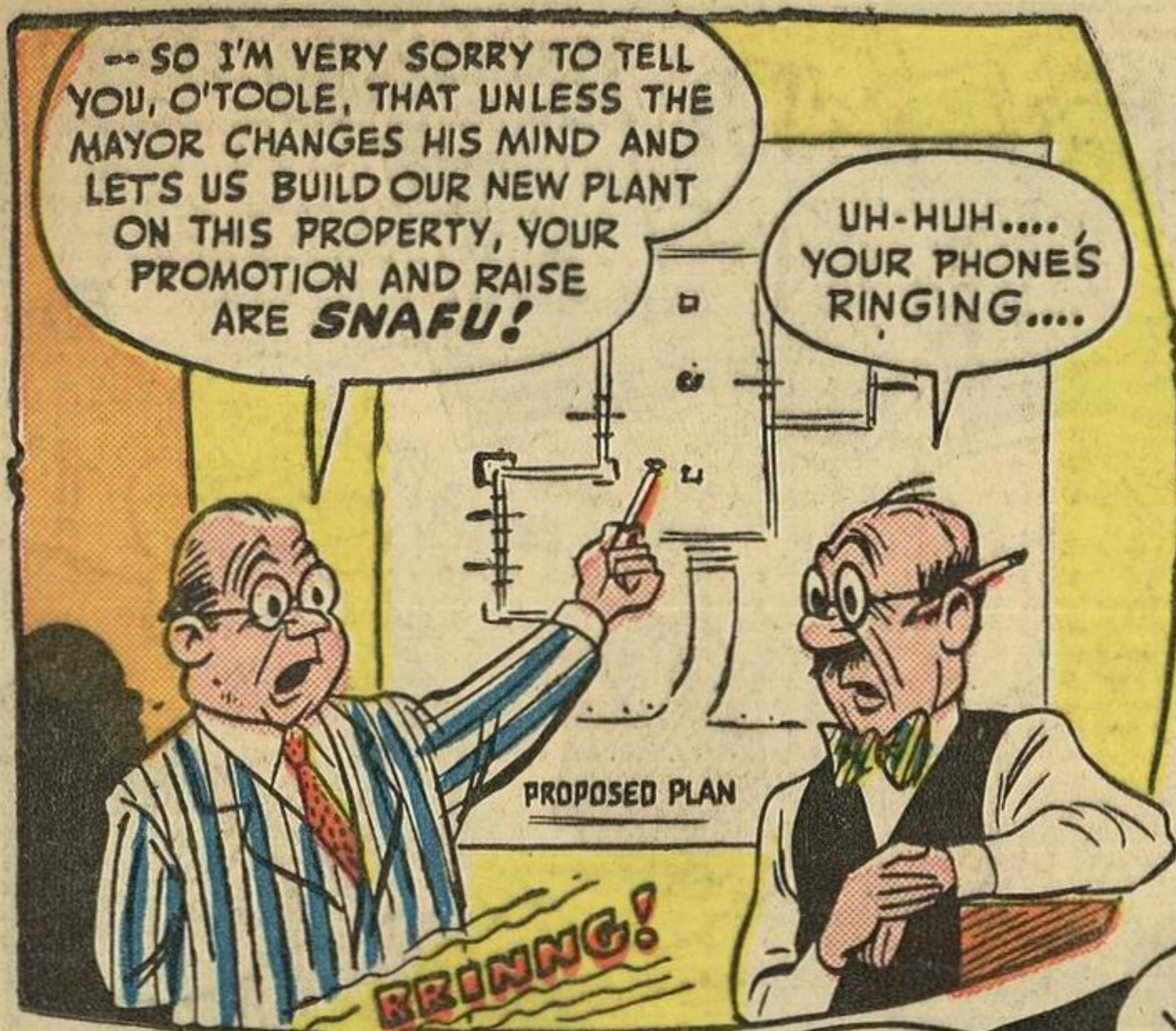
\$16.50

THAT DOES IT, MY MAN! JUST CUT IT DOWN TA MY SIZE AN' I'LL BE BACK LATER WITH THE DOUGH!

RIGHTO, SON! I MEAN-- YES, SIR!

HOW COME THE SUDDEN AFFLUENCE? YER OL' MAN STRIKE OIL OR SUMP'N?

NOT EXACTLY, JIT! BUT HE DOES CONTEMPLATE A PROMOTION WITH A BIG RAISE, AN' AT THE MOMENT IS IN A **VERY** GENEROUS MOOD! KETCH?



HOT SOCKS!
I GOTTA GET ME
ONE O' THOSE
RIGS
PRONTO!

JIT, WOT AM I GONNA
DO? I JUST GOTTA
GET THE DOUGH FER
THAT COAT! YA
KIN SEE HOW
IMPORTANT
IT IS NOW!

YEAH,
I KNOW,
KID, BUT...



**HEY,
LOOK!**

NT STORE

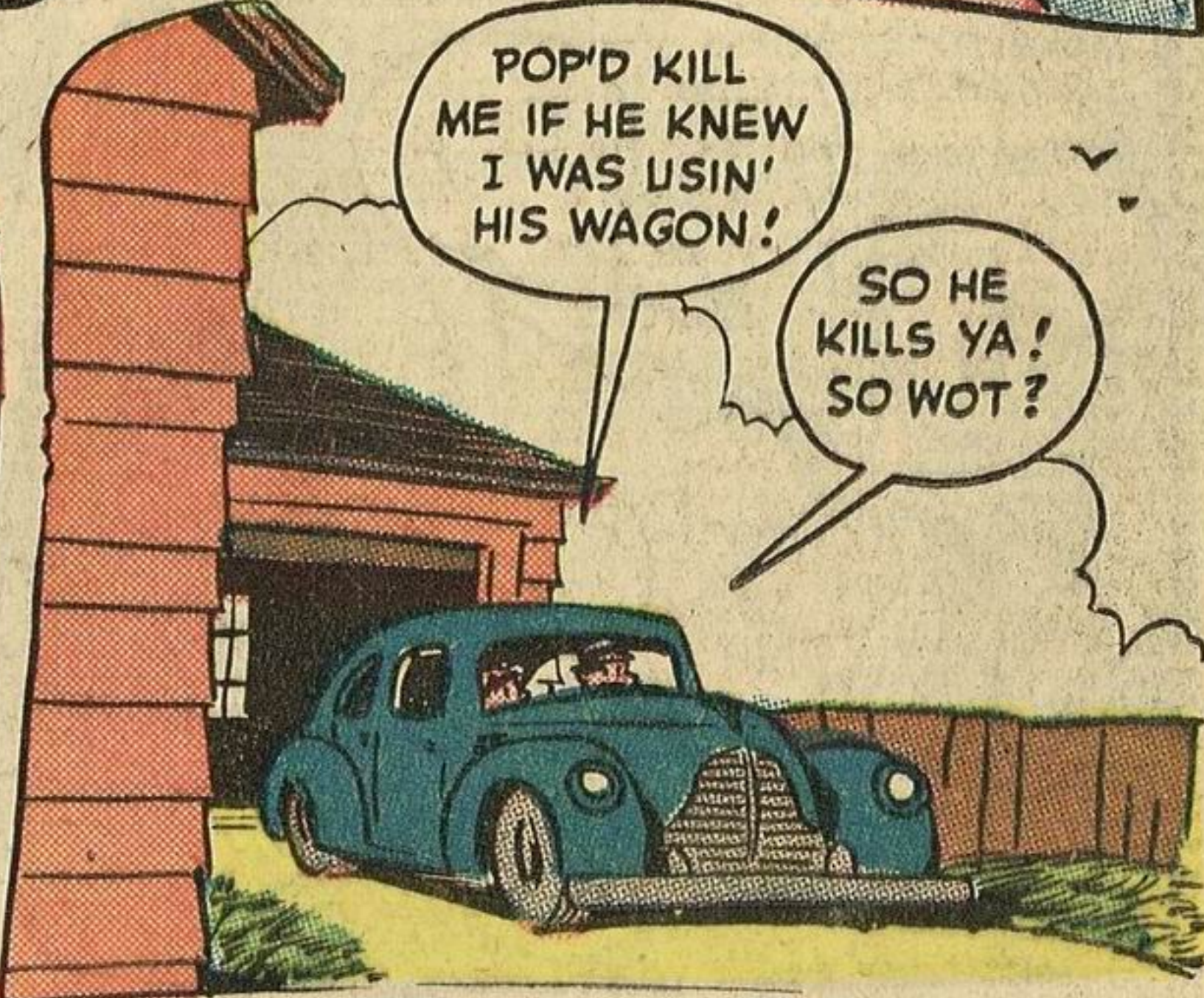
**MAN WITH
CAR WANTED!
TO HELP WITH
DELIVERIES!
GOOD PAY!**

SO WOT?
OUR JALOPY
DIED FROM A
GEARACHE
LAST WEEK!



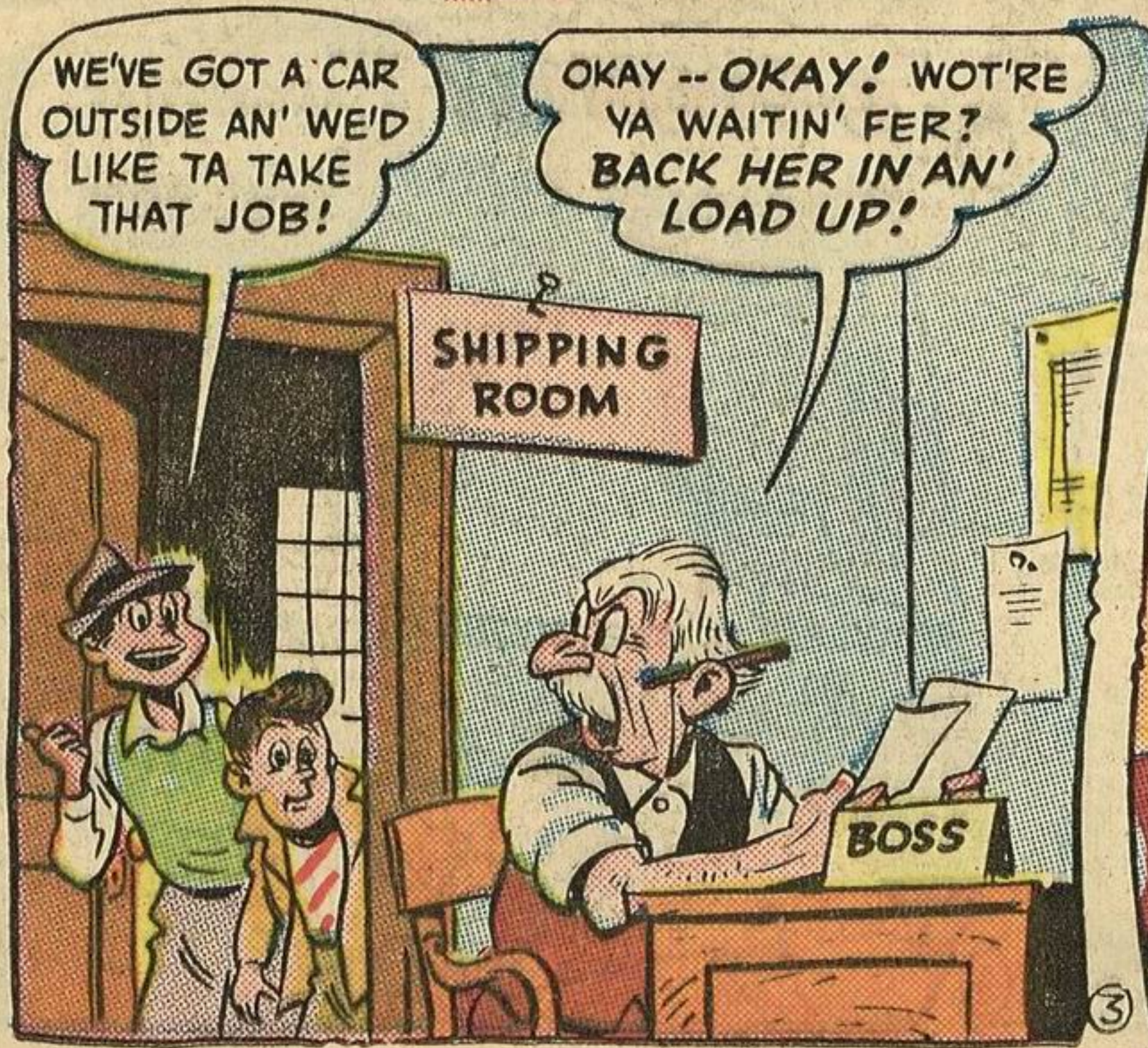
YEAH, I KNOW!
BUT YOUR OL'
MAN HAS A
CAR, HASN'T
HE?

WHY DIDN'T
I THINK OF
THAT? LET'S
GO!



POP'D KILL
ME IF HE KNEW
I WAS USIN'
HIS WAGON!

SO HE
KILLS YA!
SO WOT?



WE'VE GOT A CAR
OUTSIDE AN' WE'D
LIKE TA TAKE
THAT JOB!

OKAY -- OKAY! WOT'RE
YA WAITIN' FER?
BACK HER IN AN'
LOAD UP!



And so -- for the
rest of the day---

**BEEP!
BEEP!**



Until---

THERE Y'ARE, BOYS! YA DID A FINE DAY'S WORK!

OH, THANKS! THANKS A LOT!



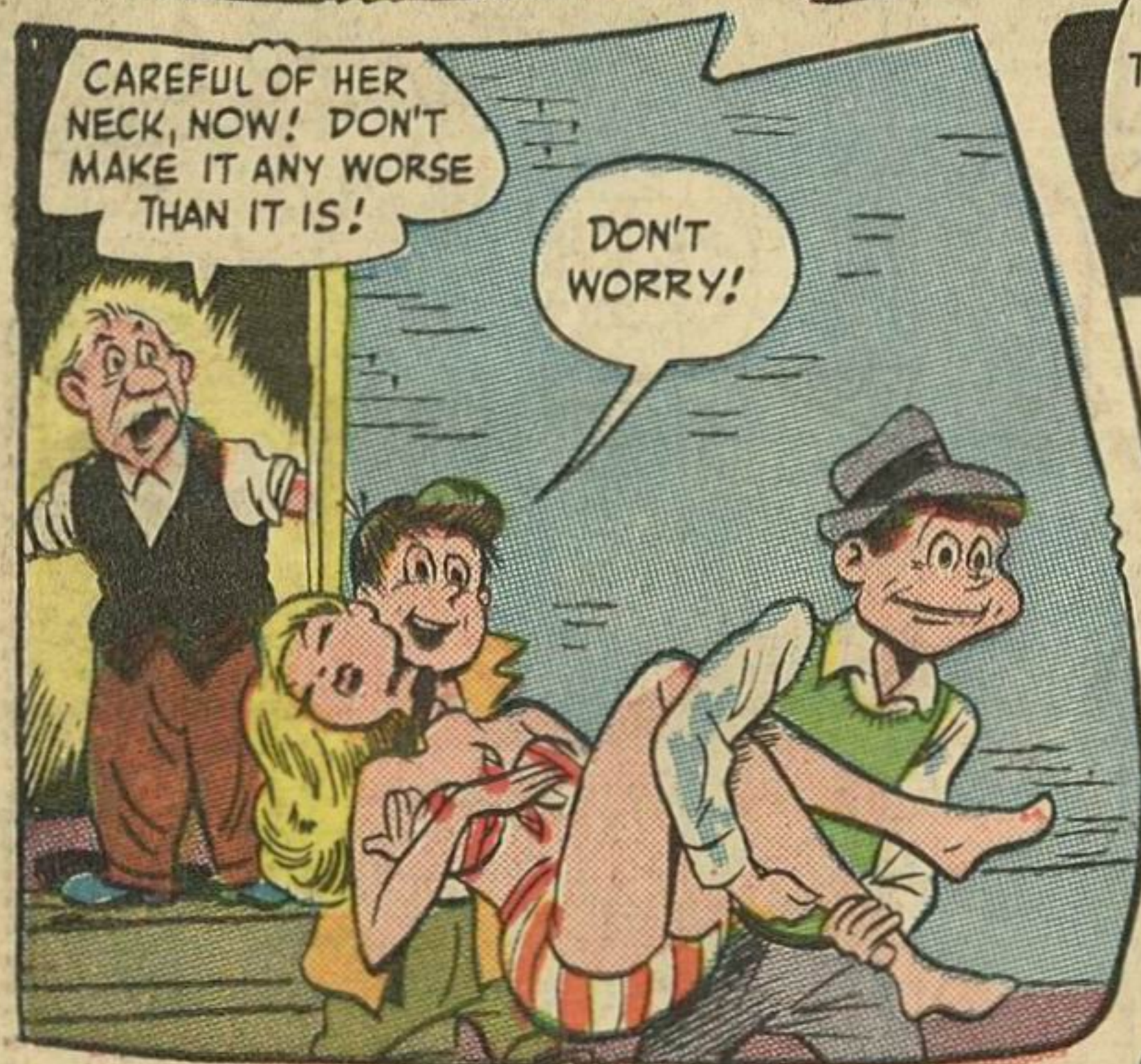
BUT SAY--BEFORE YA LEAVE, WOULDJA DO ME A FAVOR?

SURE! OF COURSE!



THAT DUMMY THERE WIT' THE BUSTED NECK--WILL YA TAKE IT OVER TA MILTON'S MODEL MART AN' LEAVE IT FER REPAIRS?

ROGER!



CAREFUL OF HER NECK, NOW! DON'T MAKE IT ANY WORSE THAN IT IS!

DON'T WORRY!



HEY, JIT, STOP IN THE NEXT BLOCK! I WANNA PICK UP THAT SPORT JACKET!

I'D BETTER PICK IT UP FOR YA! YOU SIT TIGHT AN' HOLD THAT DAME'S HEAD ON!



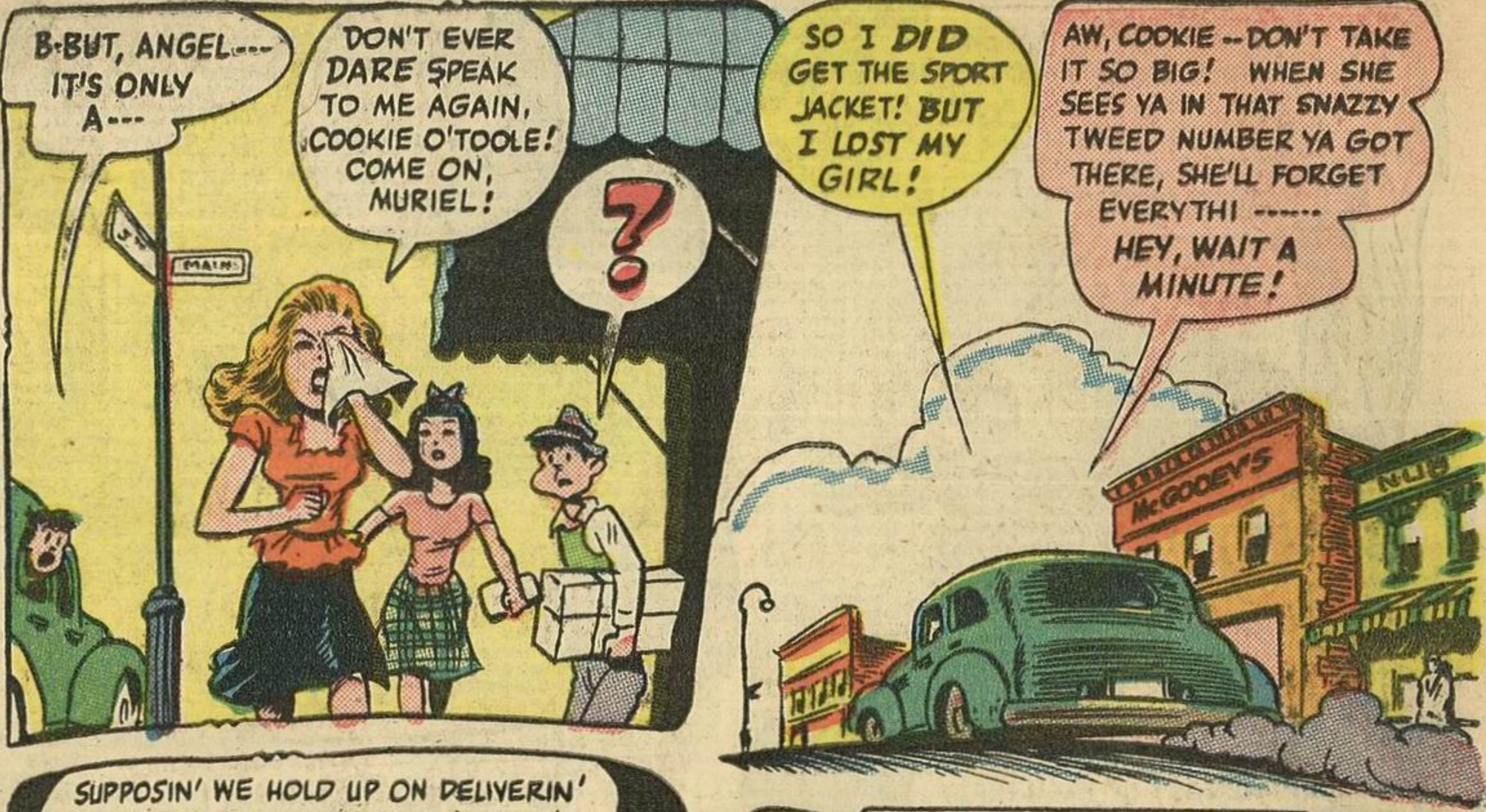
H'LO, JITTERBUCK! SEEN COOKIE?

SURE, ANGELPUSS! HE'S RIGHT OVER THERE IN THE CAR!



C-COOKIE!

ANGELPUSS!



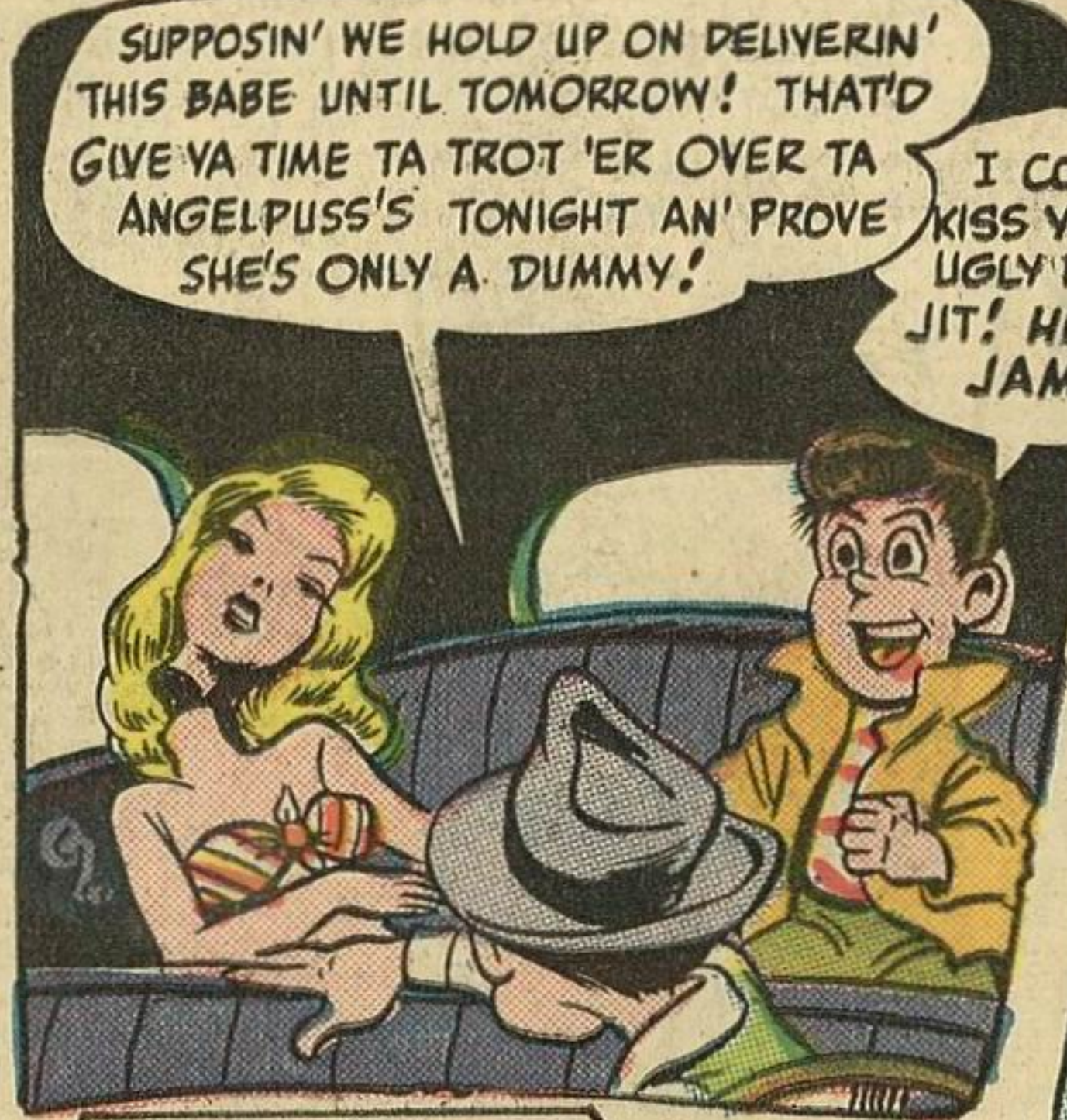
B-BUT, ANGEL---
IT'S ONLY
A---

DON'T EVER
DARE SPEAK
TO ME AGAIN,
COOKIE O'TOOLE!
COME ON,
MURIEL!

?

SO I **DID**
GET THE SPORT
JACKET! BUT
I LOST MY
GIRL!

AW, COOKIE --DON'T TAKE
IT SO BIG! WHEN SHE
SEES YA IN THAT SNAZZY
TWEED NUMBER YA GOT
THERE, SHE'LL FORGET
EVERYTHI -----
HEY, WAIT A
MINUTE!

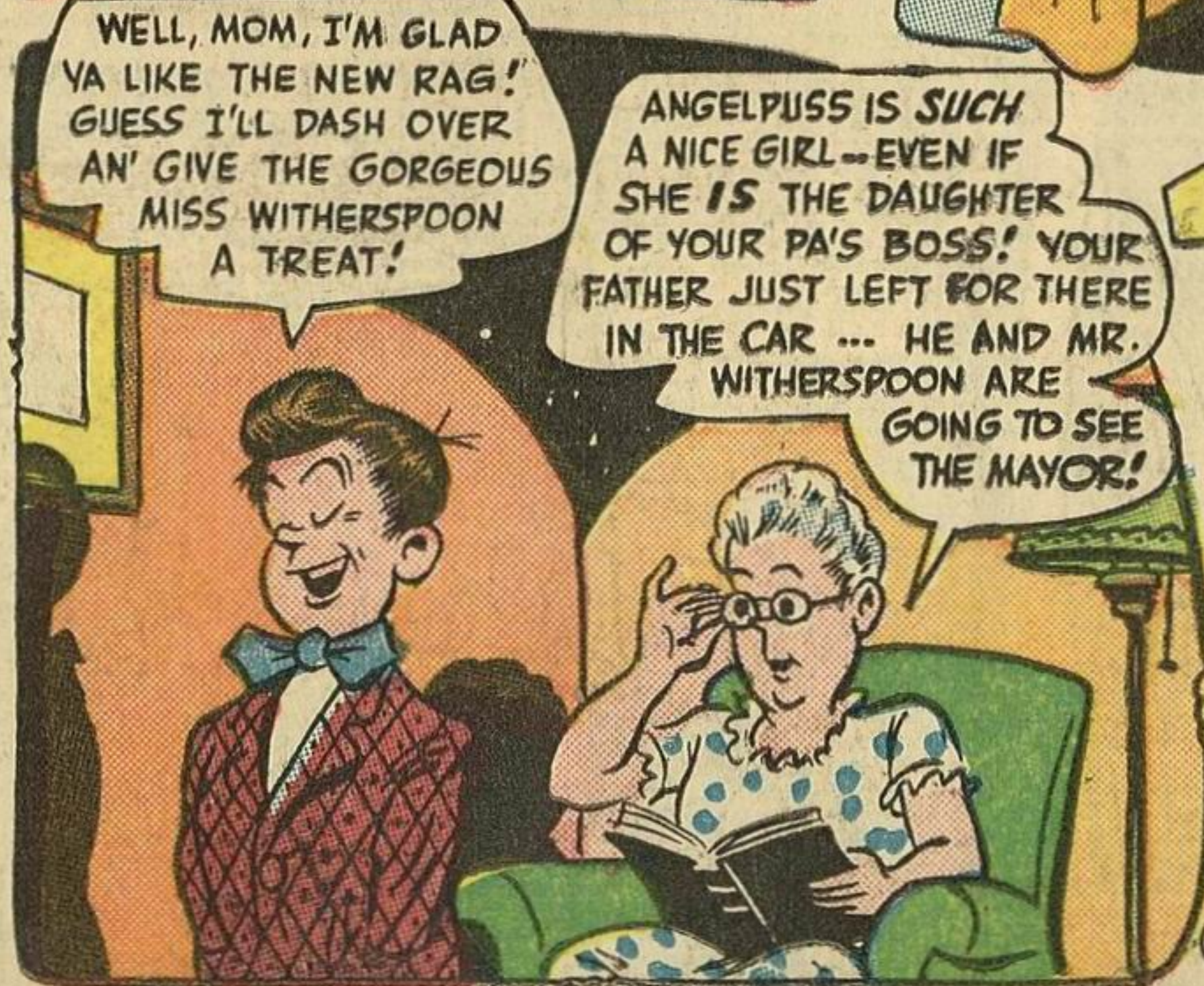


SUPPOSIN' WE HOLD UP ON DELIVERIN'
THIS BABE UNTIL TOMORROW! THAT'D
GIVE YA TIME TA TROT 'ER OVER TA
ANGELPUSS'S TONIGHT AN' PROVE
SHE'S ONLY A DUMMY!

I COULD
KISS YER
UGLY FACE,
JIT! HOME,
JAMES!



BOY, WITH JIT'S BRAINS AN'
MY LOOKS, I GOT A GREAT
FUTURE AHEAD O' ME!



WELL, MOM, I'M GLAD
YA LIKE THE NEW RAG!
GUESS I'LL DASH OVER
AN' GIVE THE GORGEOUS
MISS WITHERSPOON
A TREAT!

ANGELPUSS IS **SUCH**
A NICE GIRL--EVEN IF
SHE **IS** THE DAUGHTER
OF YOUR PA'S BOSS! YOUR
FATHER JUST LEFT FOR THERE
IN THE CAR --- HE AND MR.
WITHERSPOON ARE
GOING TO SEE
THE MAYOR!

HE T-TOOK
THE CAR? BUT
MA -- THE
DUMMY!
'THE---

NOW, NOW, SON!
IS THAT A NICE
WAY TO TALK
ABOUT YOUR POOR
FATHER?

IF -- IF I CAN JUST -- *PUFF* --
MAKE IT OVER THERE BEFORE THEY
LEAVE FOR THE MAYOR'S, I CAN
STILL SHOW ANGELPUSS
THAT DUMMY AN'
CLEAR MYSELF!



Oh-OH! Here comes ZOOT!

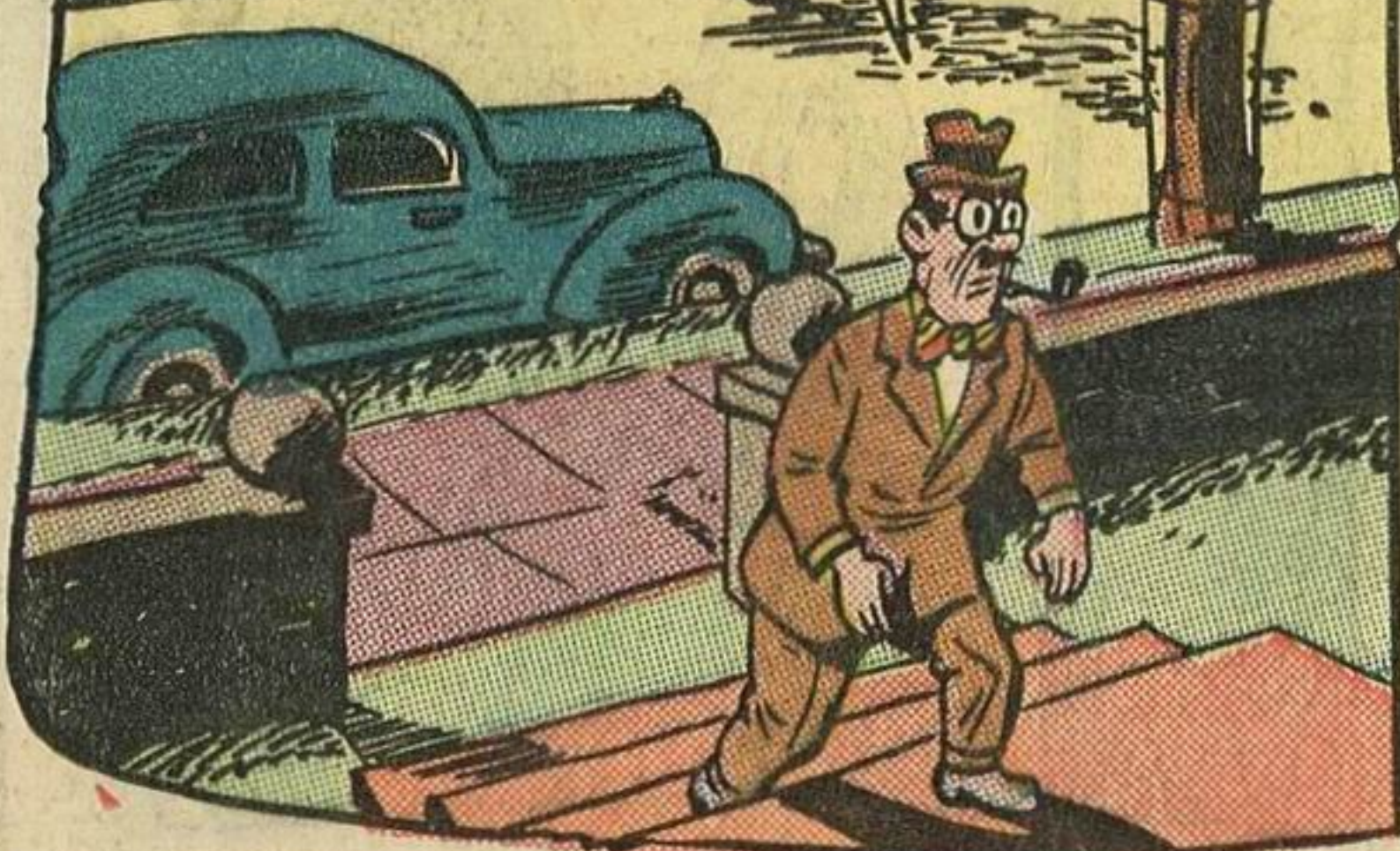
HUH -- THAT RUNT COOKIE
BOUGHT THE LAST O' THEM NIFTY
JACKETS! OH, WELL -- WITH MY
LOOKS AN' CHARM, I DON'T
NEED ANYTHIN' ELSE!



NUTS! --- IT'S ONLY A DUMMY!
FER A MINUTE, I THOUGHT I
HAD 'IM ON A MURDER
RAP!



WITHERSPOON'S WASTING HIS
TIME, GOING TO SEE THE MAYOR
TONIGHT! THAT OLD CRANK'LL
NEVER LET US BUILD
OUR NEW PLANT ON
THAT PROPERTY!



THE O'TOOLE CAR -- HOW D'YA LIKE
THAT! HE NOT ONLY BEATS ME TO THE
JACKET, BUT ALSO THE GIRL!
WHY, I'LL --- WOT THE ---!
THERE'S A DAME
ON THE FLOOR!



NOW LOOK, PAL --- YA AIN'T GONNA
PASS UP A CHANCE LIKE **THIS**, ARE
YA? AFTER ALL, SOME DUMB COP
DON'T HAFTA KNOW IT'S A
DUMMY, AN' ---
OH, WELL!

I HEARS
YA TALKIN',
JACKSON!

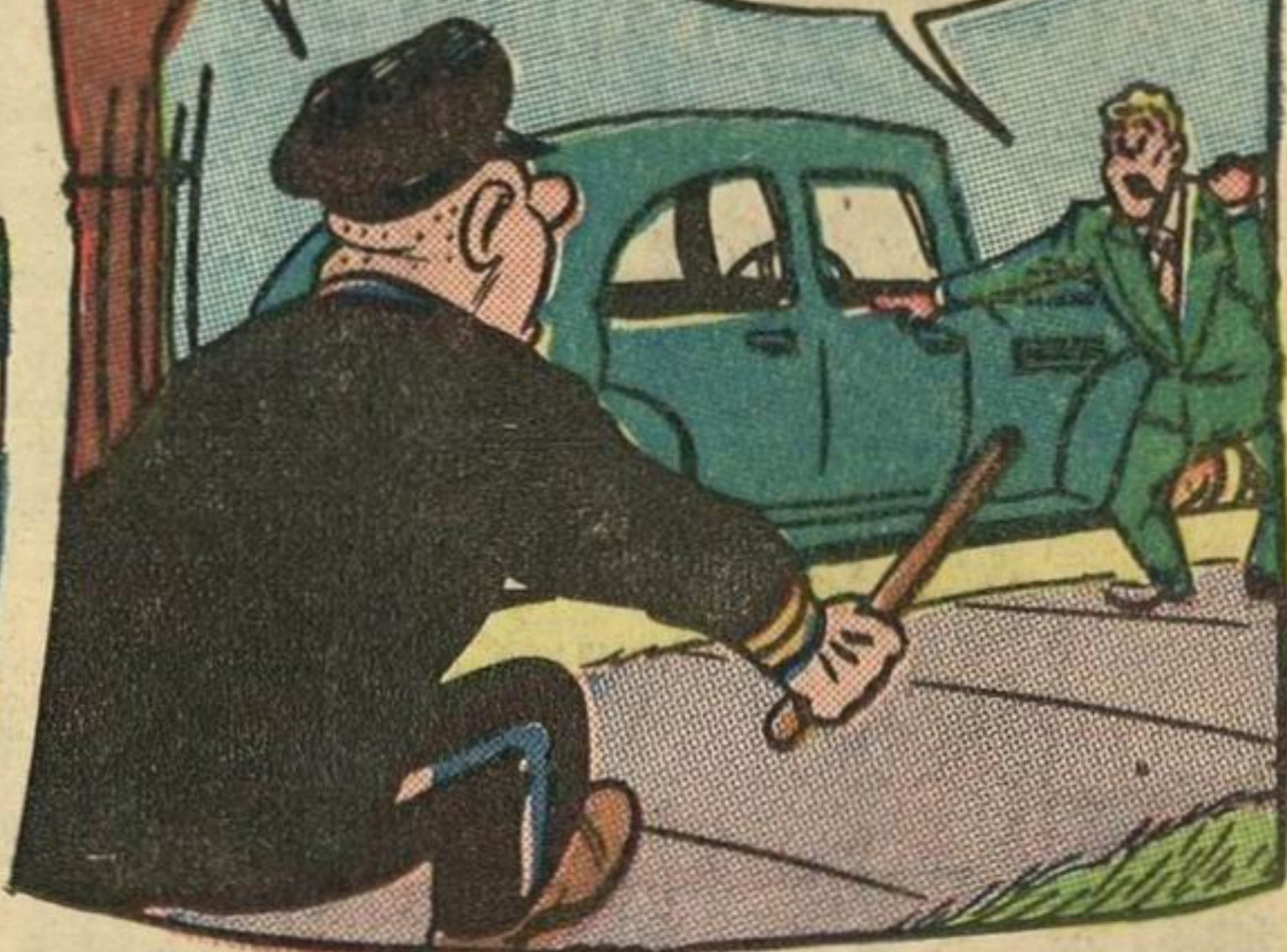


**HALP! POLICE!
MURDER!**



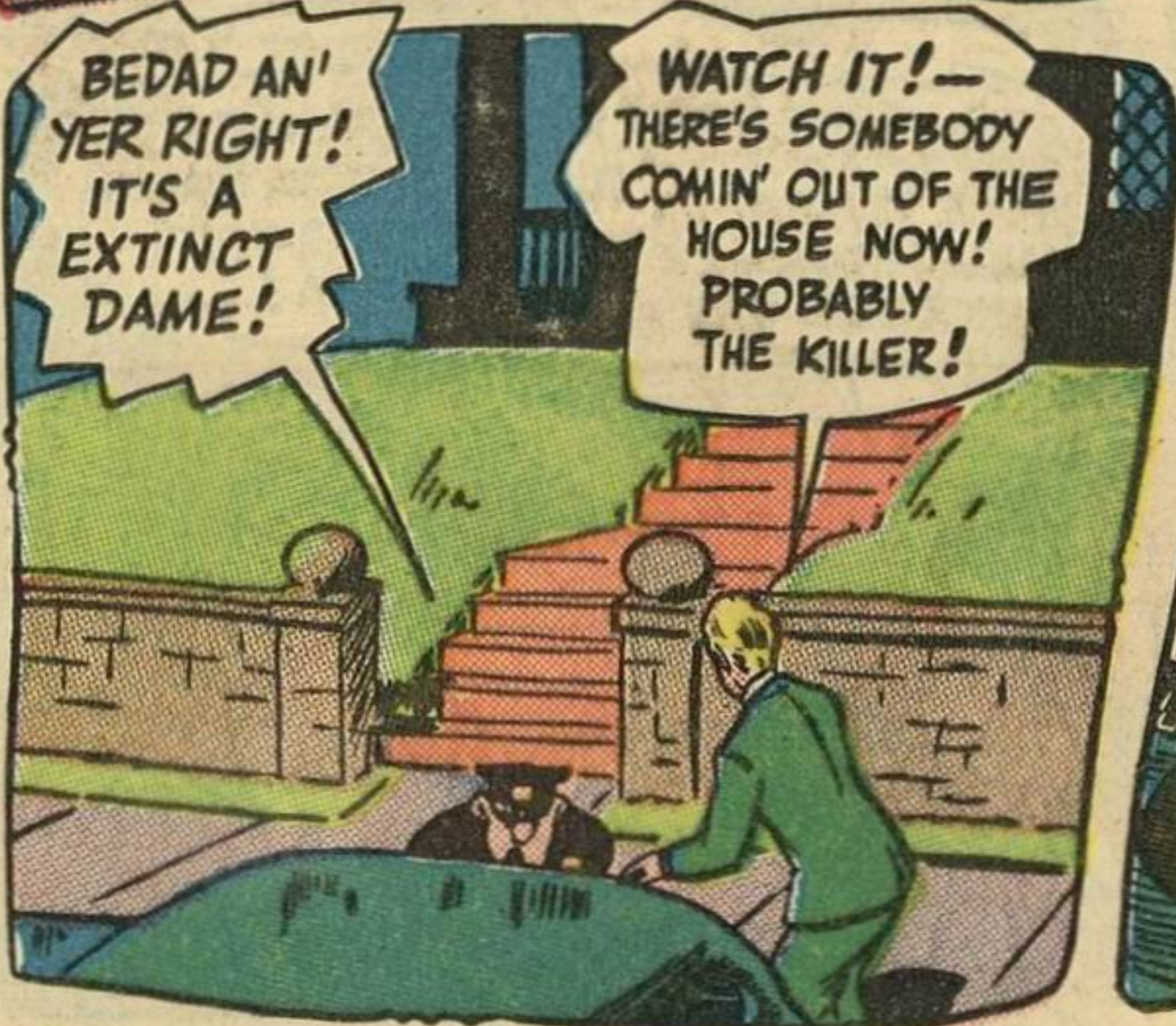
WOT'S UP, SON?
I SAY, SON --
WOT'S UP?
THAT IS---

THERE'S A MURDERED
WOMAN IN THIS CAR,
OFFICER --- AN' THE
RAT WHO DID IT
IS IN THAT
HOUSE!



BEDAD AN'
YER RIGHT!
IT'S A
EXTINCT
DAME!

WATCH IT! --
THERE'S SOMEBODY
COMIN' OUT OF THE
HOUSE NOW!
PROBABLY
THE KILLER!



I'LL DUCK BEHIND
THIS TREE AN' WATCH
THE FUN!



COME, MR
WITHERSPOON
---WE'LL HAVE
TO HURRY!

EVENING,
OFFICER!



"EVENIN', OFFICER,"
HE SEZ!...YE RASCALLY
MURDERERS!





HOLY SOCKS, IT WASN'T COOKIE AT ALL! IT'S HIS OLD MAN -- AN' MR. WITHERSPOON!

I'LL JUST DUMP YOUSE BEASTS IN WIT' DE VICTIM AN' DRIVE YEZ TA THE COOLER!



OH-OH! THERE THEY GO! I BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE SOMEBODY SPOTS ME!



OOF!

URMF!

WHAM!



ZOOT! WERE YOU AT ANGELPUSS'S HOUSE?

ER---NO, COOKIE! I WUZ JUST SORTA WALKIN' PAST AN' BUMPED INTA YA!



TELL ME QUICK! WHEN YA WALKED PAST, WUZ POP'S CAR THERE?

ER--AH--IT WAS JUST SORTA DRIVIN' AWAY!



AREN'T YOU--AHEM! -- GOIN' TA SEE ANGELPUSS? HUH?

NAW, SHE'S SORE AT ME! I'LL MUSH ON DOWN TA THE SODA JERKERIE WITH YOU!



HIYA, COOK!
YA STRAIGHTEN
THINGS OUT WITH
ANGELPUSS?
HUH?

NAW! POP
TOOK THE
CAR, AN'---

HEY, COOKIE!
YER MA'S
BEEN TRYIN'
TA GET YA
ON THE
PHONE!



H'LO, MOM!
YA WANT
ME?



YEH! SO?



ULP!



FOR
M-MURDER!
WOW!



C'MON, JIT ---
I NEED YOUR HELP!
AN' HOW!

girtetel sbot

SWOOSH!



LISTEN, CHIEF ---
WE CAN EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING!
THERE'S BEEN
A TERRIBLE
MISTAKE!

A MISTAKE, IS
IT? GO AHEAD ---
I'M LISTENIN'!



--AND WHAT'S MORE, O'TOOLE ---
FOR DRAGGING ME INTO THIS MESS,
I'LL **HELP** THE PROSECUTION SEND
YOU TO THE CHAIR! AND NOW
FOR THE LAST TIME ---
YOU'RE FIRED!

--SO YA CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF,
SIR, IF IT'S ONLY A DUMMY ---
THEN MY POP'S INNOCENT,
AN' -----

YEH---
YEH--- I'VE
HEARD
ENOUGH!





YESSIR!
COMIN',
SIR!

A-HEM! WOULD YOU
BE THE BRAVE, ALERT YOUNG
PATROLMAN WHO'S
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
APPREHENSION OF THOSE
RUTHLESS KILLERS?

'TIS MODEST
I AM, SIR...
BUT I'M THE
ONE, BEGORRY!
WOULD THERE
BE A REWARD,
NOW?



YEH -- A BIG
REWARD!
HERE!



BLAM!



AH, A SORRY
DAY IT WAS WHEN
I JOINED THE
COPS!

HE'S GONNA
TURN POP
LOOSE! MAYBE
WE BETTER
HIDE!



--AND AS WE -- AH-- -- HAVE
APPREHENDED THE REAL -- ER...
KILLER, IT IS NO LONGER NECESSARY
TO DETAIN YOU! I'LL -- AH --
APPRECIATE YER KEEPIN' THIS
ENTIRE THING A SECRET, AS --
-- ER -- AH --

OKAY, OFFICER!
BUT THIS DOESN'T
CHANGE THINGS FOR
YOU, O'TOOLE --
YOU'RE STILL
FIRED!

POOR
POP!



AS FOR YOU, BOYS, I WANT
YA TO KNOW I'LL BE EVER-
LASTINGLY GRATEFUL! IF THIS
THING EVER REACHED THE
MAYOR, I'D BE
RUINED!

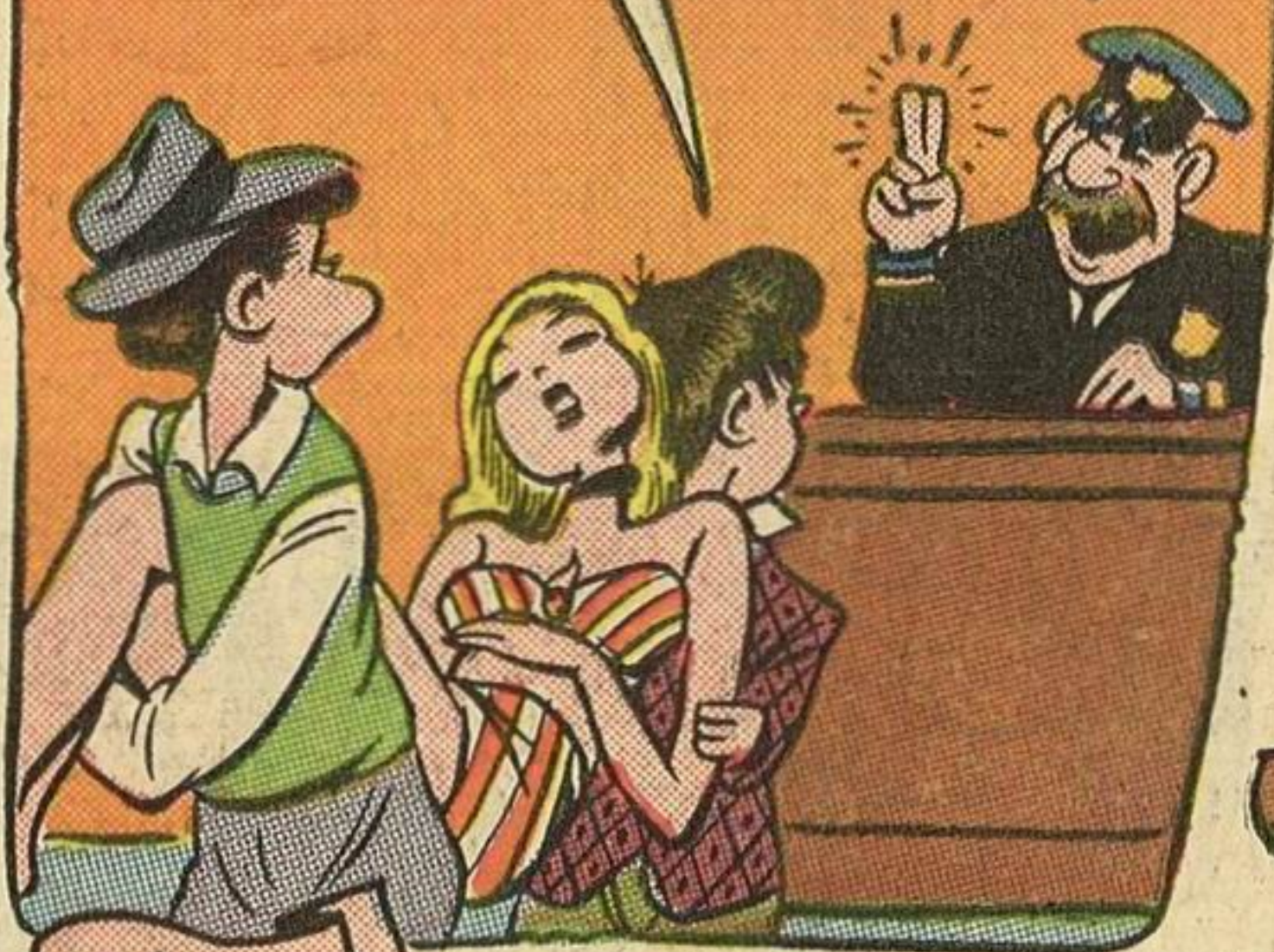
DON'T
WORRY, SIR!
WE WON'T
SAY A
WORD!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!
DO YOU BY ANY CHANCE
KNOW THE
MAYOR?

DO I?... HIM
AND ME ARE
JUST LIKE
THAT!

THEN MAYBE YA
MIGHT BE ABLE TO
DO ME A BIG FAVOR,
HUH?

SON, FOR YOU IT'S
AS GOOD AS DONE!
WOT'S ON YER
MIND?



Later...

BUT, POP,
YOU'RE NOT *SURE*
THAT COOKIE...

I GOT AN INSTINCT!
WHEN THINGS GO *THIS*
HAYWIRE, HE'S ALWAYS
AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!
GET UP TO YOUR ROOM,
MOM -- HE'S COMIN'
NOW!

COME HERE,
YOU LITTLE---

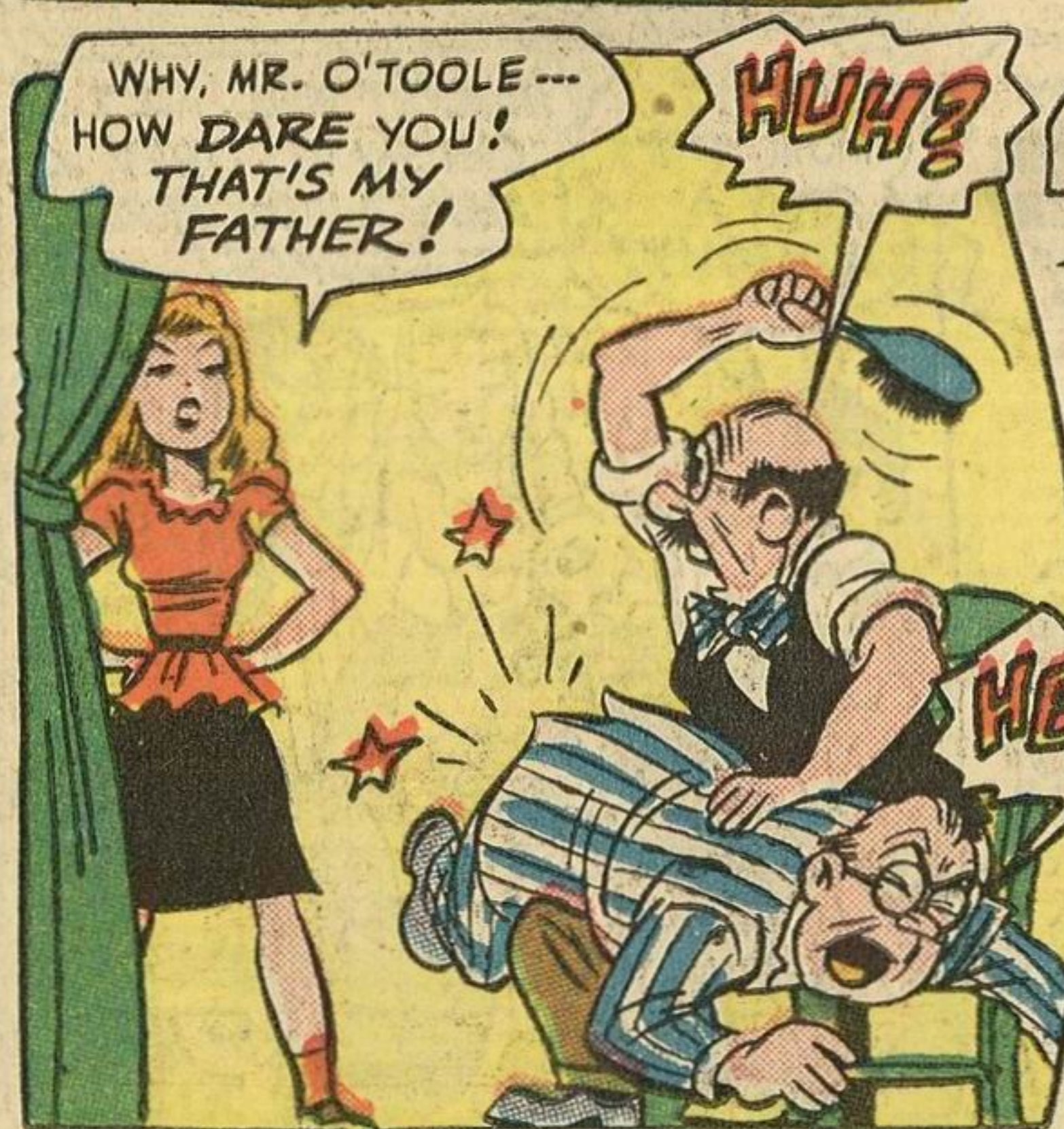


WHY, MR. O'TOOLE ---
HOW *DARE* YOU!
THAT'S MY
FATHER!

HUH?

MR.
WITHERSPOON!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

I CAME TO TELL YOU
THAT THE MAYOR CALLED
AND SAID WE COULD GO
AHEAD WITH THE NEW
PLANT --- AND THAT I
COULD THANK YOUR BOY
COOKIE FOR HELPING
HIM CHANGE HIS
MIND!



HEY!





THANKS FER HELPIN' ME HOME WITH THE LADY, JIT! G'NITE!

S'LONG, COOKIE! WE'LL DELIVER HER TA THE REPAIR PLACE FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN'!



MY PROMOTION... MY RAISE... OH, BOY!

SH-HHH! I HEAR COOKIE COMING NOW--AND I WANT YOU TO BE NICE TO HIM!

I'LL TRY, DAD, BUT AFTER WHAT I SAW THIS AFTERNOON, I-----



MY SON! MY SON!

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP WITH THE MAYOR, MY BOY!

OH, DON'T THANK ME, FOLKS! IF IT WASN'T FER THIS DUMMY HERE---

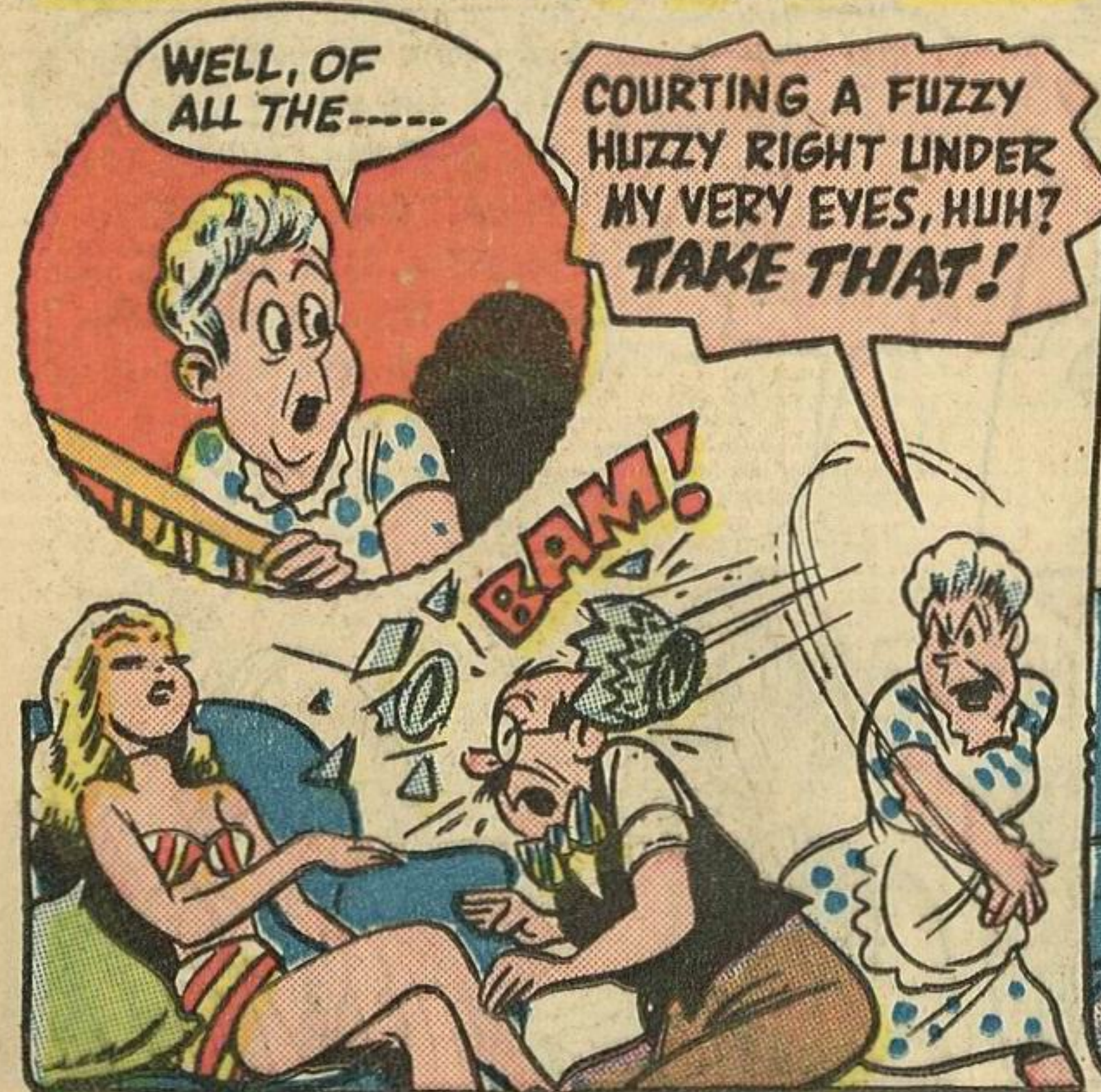
DUMMY!



OH, COOKIE.. I'VE BEEN SO STUPID!

DUMMY OR NOT, MR. WITHERSPOON, I THINK SHE'S A FINE LADY!

HA-HA!



WELL, OF ALL THE-----

COURTING A FUZZY HUZZY RIGHT UNDER MY VERY EYES, HUH? TAKE THAT!

BAM!



B--BUT MOM--SHE'S ONLY A DUMMY!

HUMPH! WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS --THEY MAKE A WONDERFUL COUPLE!

The END

THE CHAMP

"IF there's anything I go for," breathed Angelpuss, "it's a CHAMPION!"

Zoot's chest swelled as he studied the placard Angelpuss was reading. It announced the big five-mile marathon race that Harelip High was sponsoring—and he knew that he was a sure winner. After all, wasn't he a trained athlete, a speedy runner whose space-devouring stride guaranteed victory? A grin of self-assurance touched his lips as, with a nonchalant hand, he patted the head of "Killer", the huge and fierce Great Dane that he had but recently acquired. The dog was a frightening specimen, and Zoot gloried in it. He had, in fact, secretly trained him to go for certain people—notably, Cookie O'Toole. And now Cookie himself was approaching, together with the rest of the gang!

Only the fact that the big Dane was chained to a post permitted Cookie's approach—and he was pretty wary about it! No, he wasn't afraid of animals—but there was something about the way that dog always went for him which made discretion the better part of valor. Backing apprehensively from the beast's growls and lunges, he joined in the discussion of the coming marathon.

"One thing ya can be sure of," proclaimed Zoot. "I'm gonna be champ!" He turned to Angelpuss, smiling condescendingly. "The winner oughta get some reward, huh? How's about comin' ta the Autumn Carnival with me?"

He was the first to ask her, and Angelpuss didn't want to turn him down cold. But that self-assurance of his! "All right," she said finally. "I'll go with the winner. And if you win—"

Zoot chortled with triumph. It was as good as done! But the rest of the gang felt the fires of hatred—and jealousy. The nerve of that guy, taking things for granted that way! And why should *he* get to take Angelpuss? Thus it was that Jitterbuck decided to enter the marathon. And Hep. And Downbeat. And, finally—Cookie!

Came the day and the moment of the great event. The contestants were ranged along the starting line. The big race was about to get underway. Zoot was an imposing figure in his trim track suit, speed written in every sinew

of his big and rangy body. Keenly aware of the admiring eyes of the large audience grouped about, he laughed sarcastically as he took in the makeshift outfits of the other racers. There was Cookie, attired for the occasion in something resembling a cut-down potato bag. Still, thought Zoot, you never could tell! Cookie was little, but wiry. He'd be easily outdistanced in the early part of the race, but that second wind of his—! He'd have to do something about *that*. Zoot sneered as Cookie jumped nervously out of reach of Killer, who had been tied to a pole near the starting line, and, as usual was lunging snarlingly in Cookie's direction.

Everyone was quiet as the starter gave the directions. The five-mile marathon course was roughly circular, and was staked out by special guideposts bearing arrows. The starting line would also be the finish line, the contestants following a clockwise course. The starter raised his pistol. BANG! And the racers were off!

Zoot had a tremendous lead at the halfway mark. It had been ridiculously simple—but he didn't know if it would last. He knew that Cookie, although quite a distance back, was in second place—but who knew what would happen in the home stretch? Zoot wasn't taking any chances, so when he came to a small cross-road, he turned the guidepost so that it pointed in that direction. He hid in the bushes by the roadside until Cookie came galumphing up—



and off on the wrong road, following the direction of the evilly-changed arrow!

Zoot made sure to turn the guidepost back to its proper direction just as soon as the misguided Cookie had passed from view. He had nothing to fear from the other contestants—and if everyone took the wrong turn, the judges would know that there'd been dirty work! Zoot laughed heartily as he resumed the race. He knew that the road which Cookie had followed doubled back gradually, so that Cookie wouldn't even know he was going in the wrong direction until it came out on the main course—back at the starting line!

And so it was that the onlookers, looking off in one direction for the first sight of the runners coming in to finish, were electrified to see a lone figure plodding back—towards the start! Cookie didn't know exactly what to make of it, either.



How could he be winning when he hadn't passed Zoot? But in a moment, this thought was driven clear out of his mind. Killer, Zoot's fierce Great Dane, spotted him—and things began to happen! **Crack!** It was the dog's leash snapping as he strained toward the lone racer. Before Cookie loomed a terrifying vision of snarling jaws agape, of flashing fangs which reached hungrily for him. In his panic-stricken mind there beat a single thought: escape! In a flash he had turned running madly for safety. He was hardly conscious of the fact that he was following the original race course now, racing frantically along the path taken by the contestants, who by now must have almost completed their race.

It wasn't running. Call it flying, rather, with a panting monster close behind him, its hot breath fanning the fire of his fear. And it was that fear which lent wings to Cookie's feet.

Faster, faster, with the landscape reeling, whizzing past him like a bad dream. A few straggling figures—the tail end of the marathon procession—came into sight, and in a moment had dropped far behind his drumming heels. Telling about it later, Jitterbuck said, "Jaspers! It wuz like 'a arrow goin' past me!" Hep disagreed—he insisted it was just a plain blur. And Downbeat said they were *both* wrong—what it was was a cyclone!

Zoot, far in the lead, knew nothing of all this, of course. With Cookie out of the way, presumably, it had been a cinch. For wasn't the finish line a bare twenty yards ahead—with nobody within a mile of him? And there was the crowd of spectators, cheering madly. "That's fer ME!" thought Zoot, a triumphant grin lighting his face. So Angelpuss liked champs, did she? She'd have plenty of chances to show

it—at the Autumn Carnival, with Zoot, the champ of champs, as her escort!

It was then that it happened. With a whiz, something shot past him in a blur of motion—trailed by another blur, seemingly. That snap—it was the tape breaking at the finish line! And those cheers—what did they mean? "HORRAH FOR COOKIE!" "YAY—COOKIE O'TOOLE WINS!" "COOKIE! COOKIE!"

Yes, the big marathon was over—and Cookie had won! As for Killer, Zoot's fierce dog, he was never heard from again. Some said that he had gathered such speed, such terrific momentum in his pursuit of Cookie, that he had run clear into the next state, and hadn't been able to find his way back. But Cookie didn't care about that. After all, a champ can't be bothered with details—especially when he was going to take Angelpuss to the Autumn Carnival!

GILES

GEE WHIZ, MOM, DOES EVERYBODY HAVE THIS HARD A TIME FINDIN' A PLACE TO LIVE?

I'M SORRY, GILES, BUT THERE'S A HOUSING SHORTAGE, YOU KNOW! I'M TIRED TOO!

927

NO
VACANCIES

WHY DON'T WE BUY A HOUSE, MOM?

THAT TAKES A LOT OF MONEY, GILES, AND WE'RE POOR! WELL, LET'S TRY THIS PLACE! IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE!

RE
ES

RENTAL

I SUPPOSE YOU'LL GIVE US THE SAME ANSWER AS THE REST, BUT WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FURNISHED HOUSE!

WELL, IT SO HAPPENS, MA'AM, THAT I HAVE A FURNISHED HOUSE FOR RENT!



YOU HAVE?
WE'LL TAKE IT!

OH, BOY!
FINALLY!

FINE!
IT HAS 10
BATHS, 14
BEDROOMS,
AN ATTIC
AND A--



COME ON, GILES, I
KNEW THERE WAS
A CATCH TO IT
SOMEPLACE! WE
COULDN'T AFFORD
A MANSION LIKE
THAT!

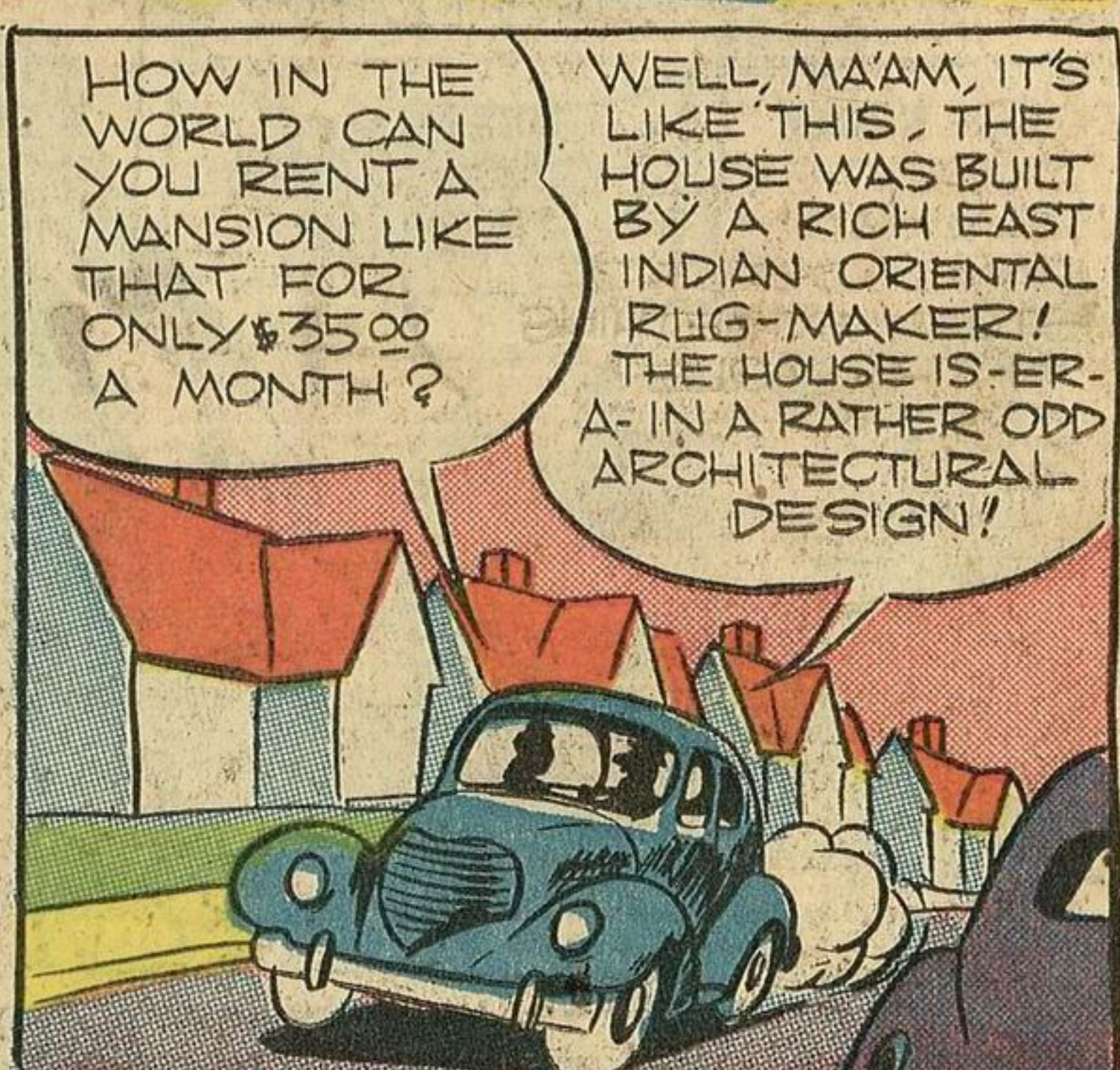
GEE WHIZ!
HERE WE
GO AGAIN!

BUT, MADAM!
WAIT!
WAIT!



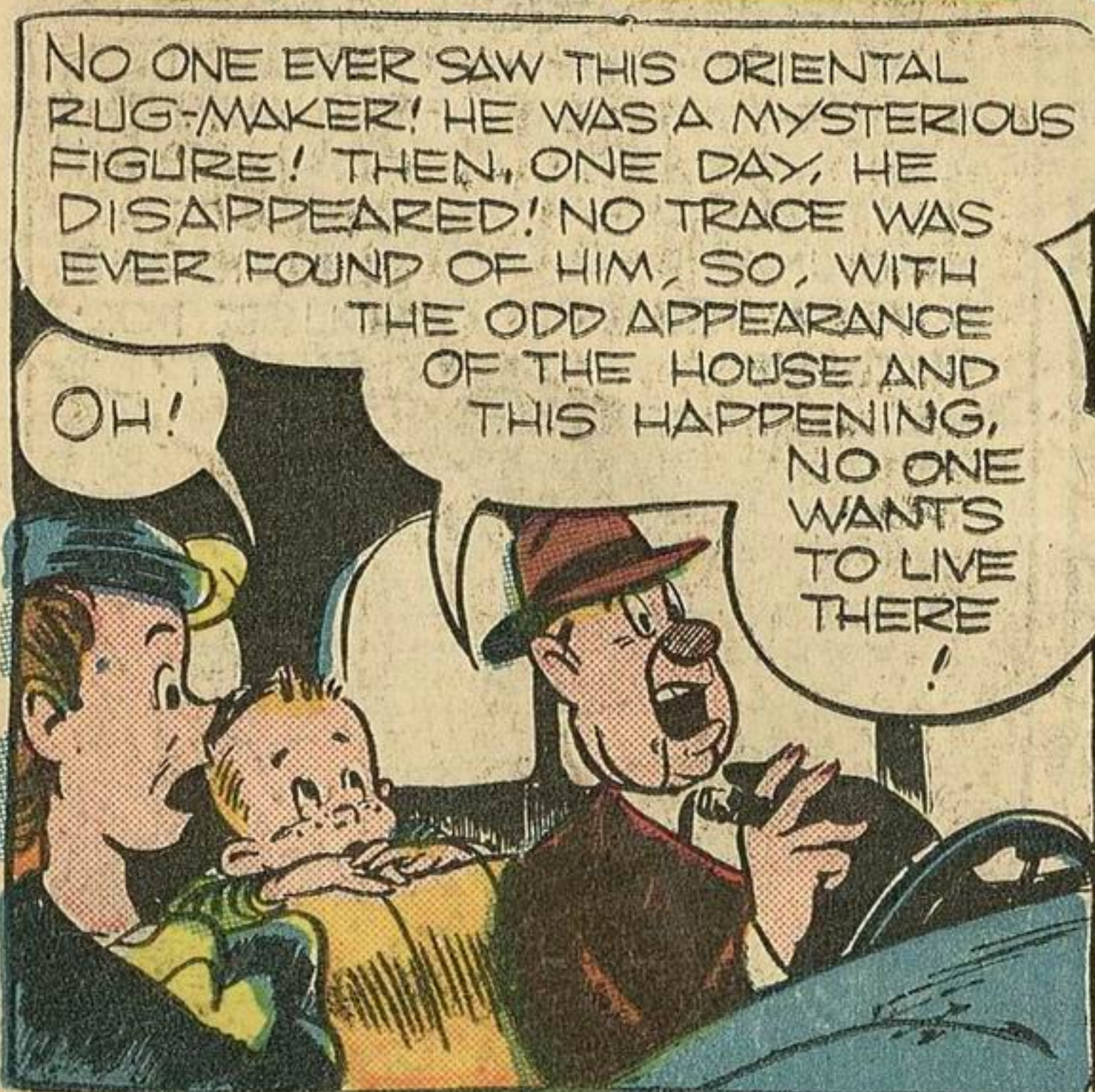
WAIT! THE RENT IS ONLY
\$35.00 A MONTH! WON'T YOU
LET ME SHOW IT TO YOU?

WHAT?



HOW IN THE
WORLD CAN
YOU RENT A
MANSION LIKE
THAT FOR
ONLY \$35.00
A MONTH?

WELL, MA'AM, IT'S
LIKE THIS, THE
HOUSE WAS BUILT
BY A RICH EAST
INDIAN ORIENTAL
RUG-MAKER!
THE HOUSE IS-ER-
A- IN A RATHER ODD
ARCHITECTURAL
DESIGN!



NO ONE EVER SAW THIS ORIENTAL
RUG-MAKER! HE WAS A MYSTERIOUS
FIGURE! THEN, ONE DAY, HE
DISAPPEARED! NO TRACE WAS
EVER FOUND OF HIM, SO, WITH
THE ODD APPEARANCE
OF THE HOUSE AND
THIS HAPPENING,

OH!

NO ONE
WANTS
TO LIVE
THERE!



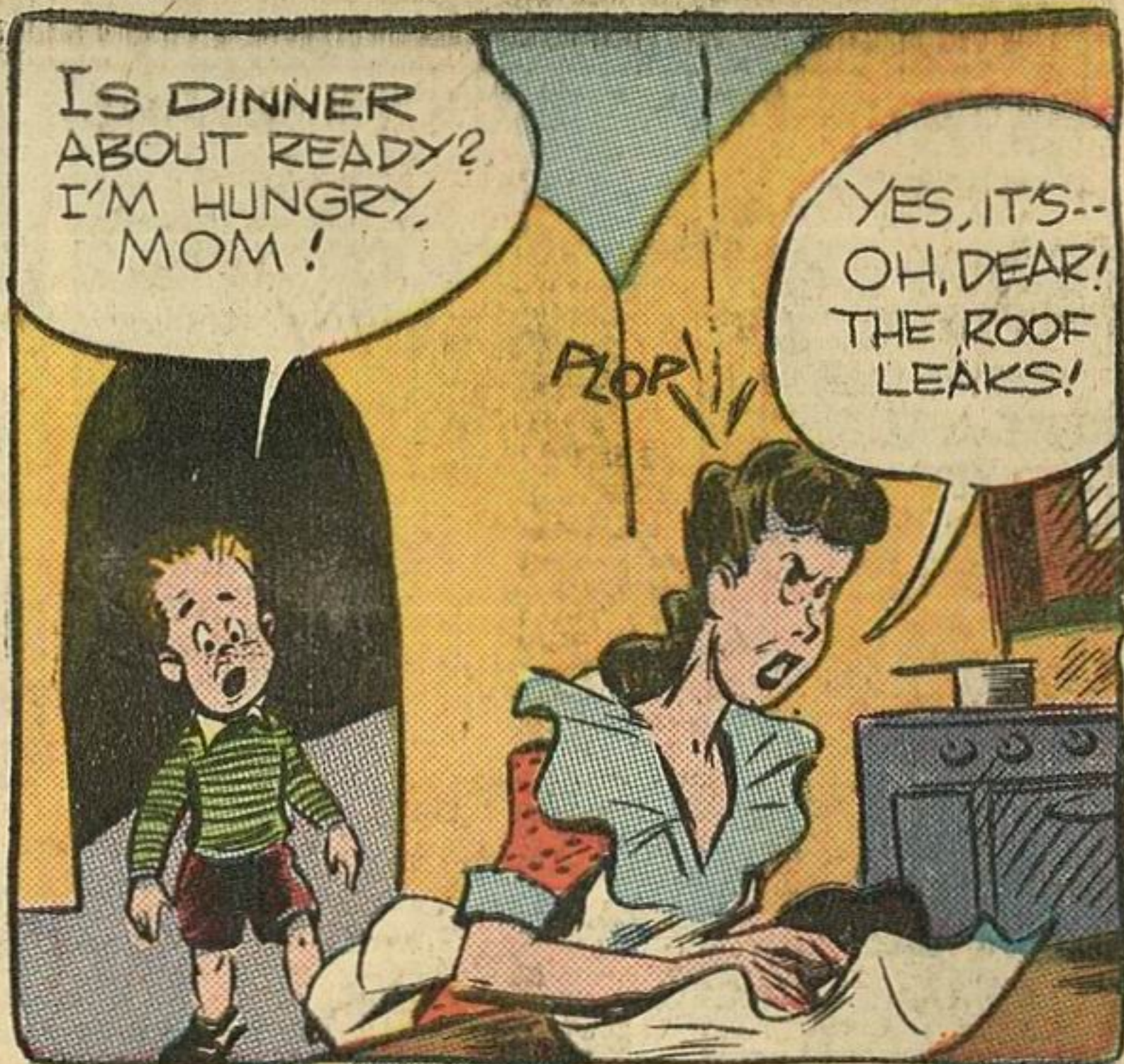
THERE IT
IS, MA'AM

IT IS ODD,
BUT WE'LL
TAKE IT!



GEE! IT'S BIG, ISN'T IT, MOM? IT'LL BE A SWELL PLACE FOR ME TO FLY MY MODEL PLANES!

YES, AND WE DIDN'T GET IN ANY TOO SOON! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN! BETTER GET US SOME DINNER NOW!



IS DINNER ABOUT READY? I'M HUNGRY, MOM!

YES, IT'S-- OH, DEAR! THE ROOF LEAKS!

POP!



GILES, RUN UP IN THE ATTIC AND SEE IF YOU CAN STOP IT! PUT A PAN UNDER IT, OR STUFF SOMETHING IN THE HOLE!

OKAY, MOM!



GEE! THERE'S THE HOLE! I BETTER FIND SOMETHING TO STOP IT WITH!

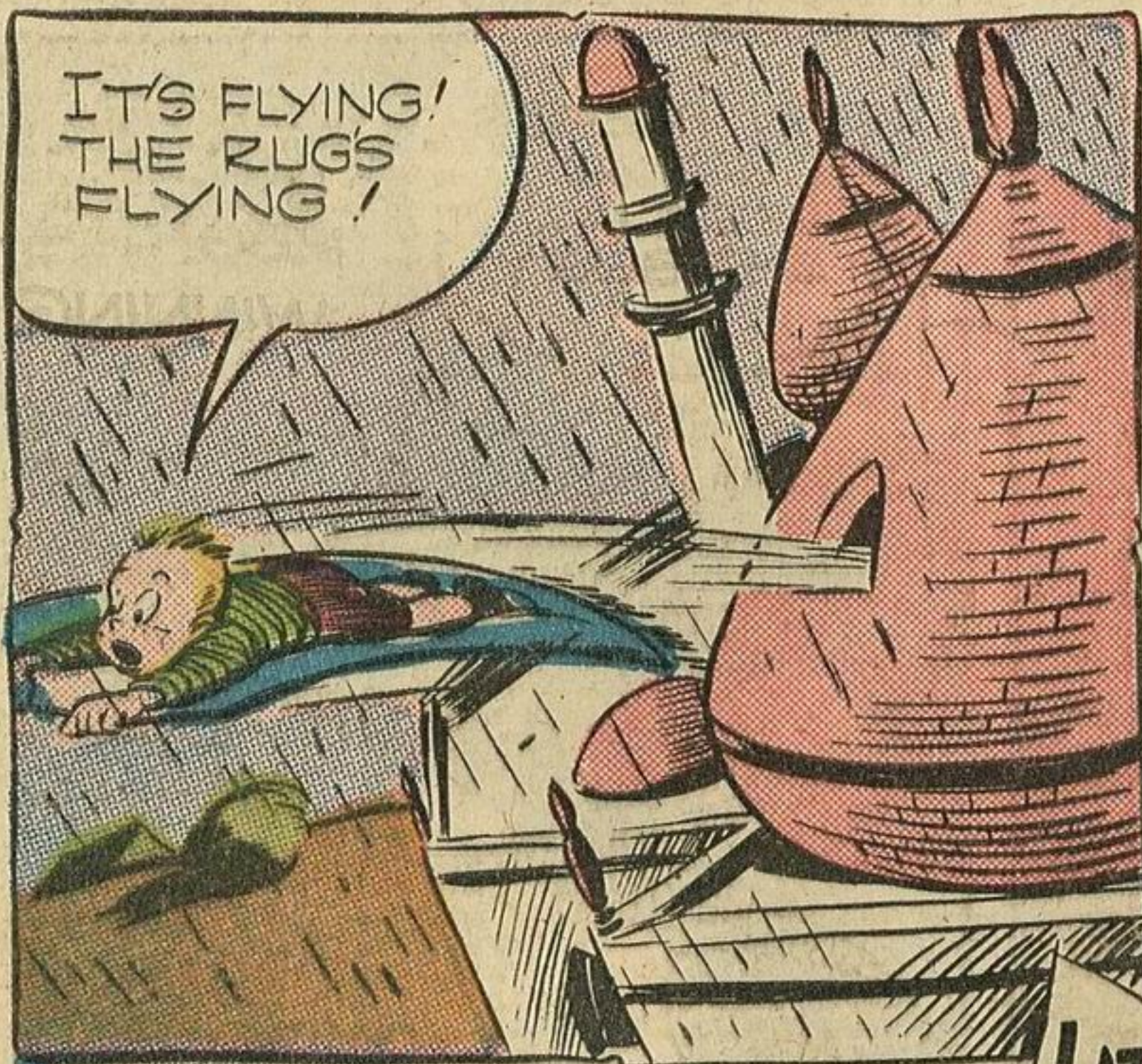
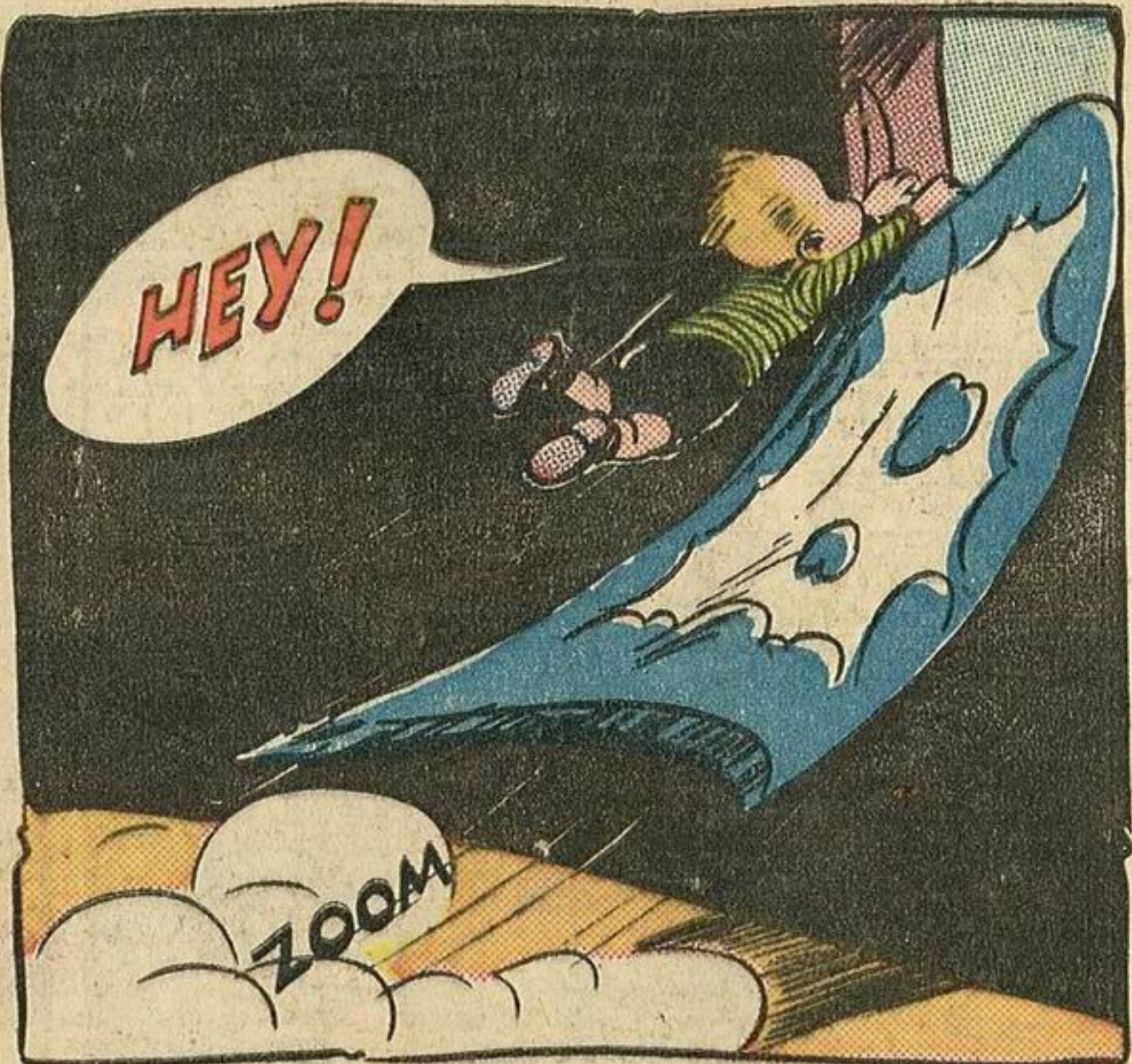


WELL, GEE WHIZ! LOOKIT THAT! IT MUST BE THE THING THAT MAN USED TO MAKE HIS RUGS ON! AND THERE'S AN UNFINISHED RUG STILL ON IT!



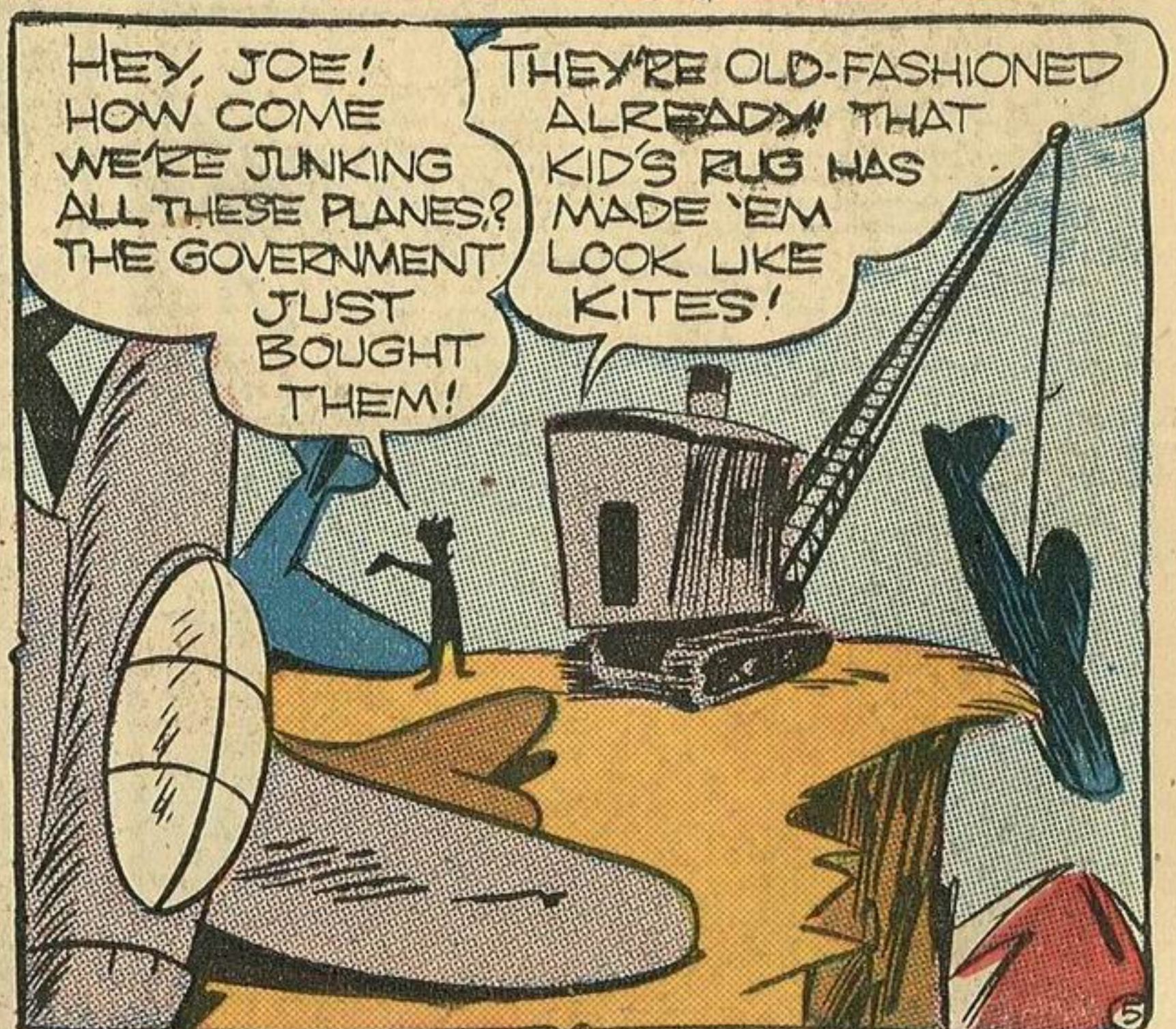
BOY! THAT RUG WOULD BE PERFECT TO USE TO STUFF THAT HOLE UP WITH! IF I CAN WORK THIS RIG TO FINISH IT! 'OH, BOY! PUSHING THIS HANDLE DOES IT! IT'S MOVING OFF!

SHUGGA SHUCK SHUGGA



LATER





NOW HAVE YOU GOT THAT STRAIGHT, YOUNG MAN? AS GOVERNMENT PURCHASING AGENT, I WISH TO ORDER 50,000 THROW RUGS FOR PURSUIT PLANES AND 50,000 LIVING ROOM RUGS FOR BOMBERS!

YESSIR!



NOW THIS IS WHAT THE ACME AIR LINES HAS IN MIND-- A LONG, THIN RUG LIKE STAIRWAY RUGS! PASSENGERS CAN SIT BEHIND EACH OTHER! ON THE BOTTOM, WE WANT OUR NAME WOVEN IN!

OKAY!



GEE, MOM, LOOK AT THE ORDERS I'VE GOT! WE'LL BE RICH!

GRACIOUS! I-I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!



GENTLEMEN, AS PRESIDENT OF AMALGAMATED AIRPLANE CO., I'VE CALLED THIS MEETING TO TELL YOU WE'RE FACED WITH A GRAVE CRISIS!



STOP THE MEETING! COME IN THE NEXT ROOM, QUICK!



AMALGAMATED AIRPLANE STOCK IS GOING DOWN!-- IT'S 100-60-30-10-5-3-ZERO! WE'RE WIPED OUT! BANKRUPT!



READ ALL ABOUT IT! GASOLINE, STEEL, ALUMINUM COMPANIES FACE RUIN NEXT! "NO NEED FOR OUR PRODUCTS NOW," THEY SAY! FLYING RUG WILL BE NATIONAL MODE OF TRANSPORTATION!



FLASH! GILES, THE BOY TYCOON, MAY BE THE RICHEST PERSON IN THE WORLD IN A FEW HOURS! THE NATION'S MANUFACTURERS ARE GOING TO OFFER HIM 300 BILLION DOLLARS FOR HIS RUG-MAKING MACHINE!



W-WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER, SON? IF 300 BILLION ISN'T ENOUGH, WE'LL GO ANOTHER BILLION!

SELL IT, GILES! WHY, YOU'LL BE WORKING ALL YOUR LIFE TO FILL THOSE ORDERS! YOU WON'T GET TO BE A LITTLE BOY AT ALL!

OKAY, MOM! I'LL GO GET IT!



OH, GEE-GOSH! IT-IT FELL APART! IT'S NOTHING BUT SAWDUST!



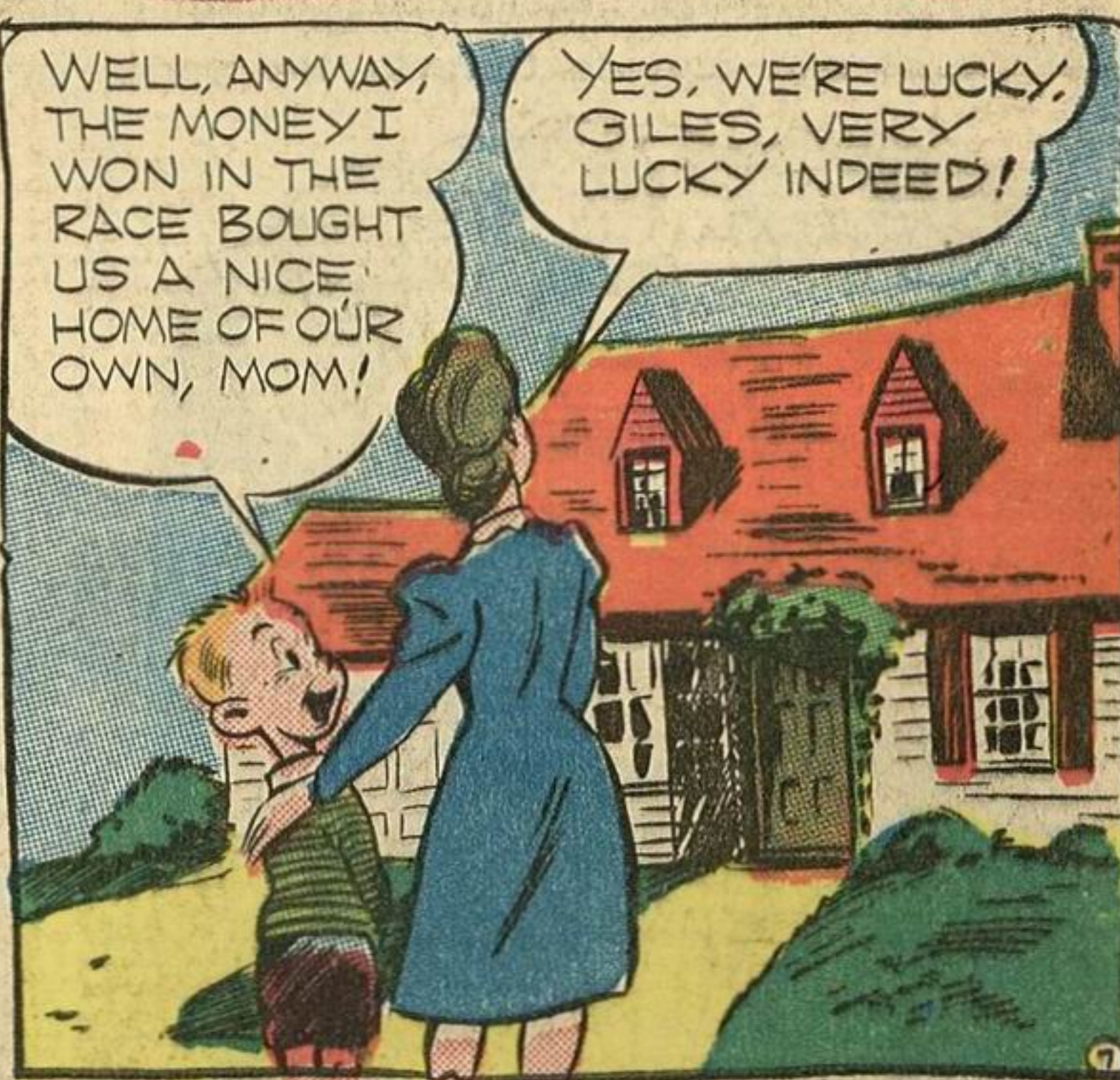
WE'RE SAVED! SAVED! TERMITES HAVE DESTROYED IT! WE DON'T HAVE TO BUY IT NOW!

SNIFF!--AND THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT OF MY RUG! THE MOTHS GOT IT!



WELL, ANYWAY, THE MONEY I WON IN THE RACE BOUGHT US A NICE HOME OF OUR OWN, MOM!

YES, WE'RE LUCKY, GILES, VERY LUCKY INDEED!



Jitterbuck's CRAM SESSION

JITTERBUCK arose from the dinner table with a full stomach and a heavy heart. "Scuse me, family," he announced sadly, "but I've got a little midnight oil ta burn. Big exam tomorrow!"

Climbing the steps to his room, Jit felt pretty miserable. "I've got a heck of a lot of algebra to absorb," he thought, "and I'm not a very absorbent kind o' guy!"

In his room, he bent studiously over a textbook. "Better memorize this formula," he thought. "Ol' drizzle-puss is sure to ask for it. X plus Z squared equals . . . OH, NO!"

A wild blare of music shot through his window from Cookie's house next door. "Pal!" muttered Jit bitterly. "Is this a time for hot platters? What I need is quiet, in big doses!"

He tried to concentrate on his book, but it was no go. The figures seemed to get mixed up with drumbeats and the result was a mess.

"I can't go on!" Jit exclaimed finally. "I'm movin' . . . to the library!"

Collecting his books, he ran to the reading room of the town library, just in time to wave good-night to the librarian, who said, "Closing time, Jitterbuck!" and departed.

"Groovey Groundhogs!" exclaimed Jit, clutching his books and moving towards the park.

"I gotta pass that exam! It's a MUST! I'll find a quiet spot to cram if it takes me *all night!*"

In the park, Jit found a bench under a weak, pale sort of light that glimmered fitfully through the trees. "Ah," he said, "peace at last! Now, where wuz I? Oh, yes . . . X plus Z squared . . ."

"Move over, bud, will ya?" a deep voice interrupted. "Here's a good bench, Hoiman. Now, like I wuz sayin' . . ."

Jitterbuck tried to concentrate on his algebra . . . in vain!

Finally, he slapped his book shut, rose, rubbed his weary eyes and started back for home. "Guess I'll give it a try again!" he yawned.

By the time he got home, all the windows were dark, for the family had gone to bed. Tip-toeing up the stairs, Jit entered his room and lit the little lamp on the night table. "Guess there's no use gettin' undressed," he said. "Looks like I'll be crammin' all night. Now, let's see . . . X plus Z squared equals . . ."

All night, Jit crammed like mad, dousing his eyes with cold water at frequent intervals to keep awake. By the time morning came, he was a very sad sack indeed.

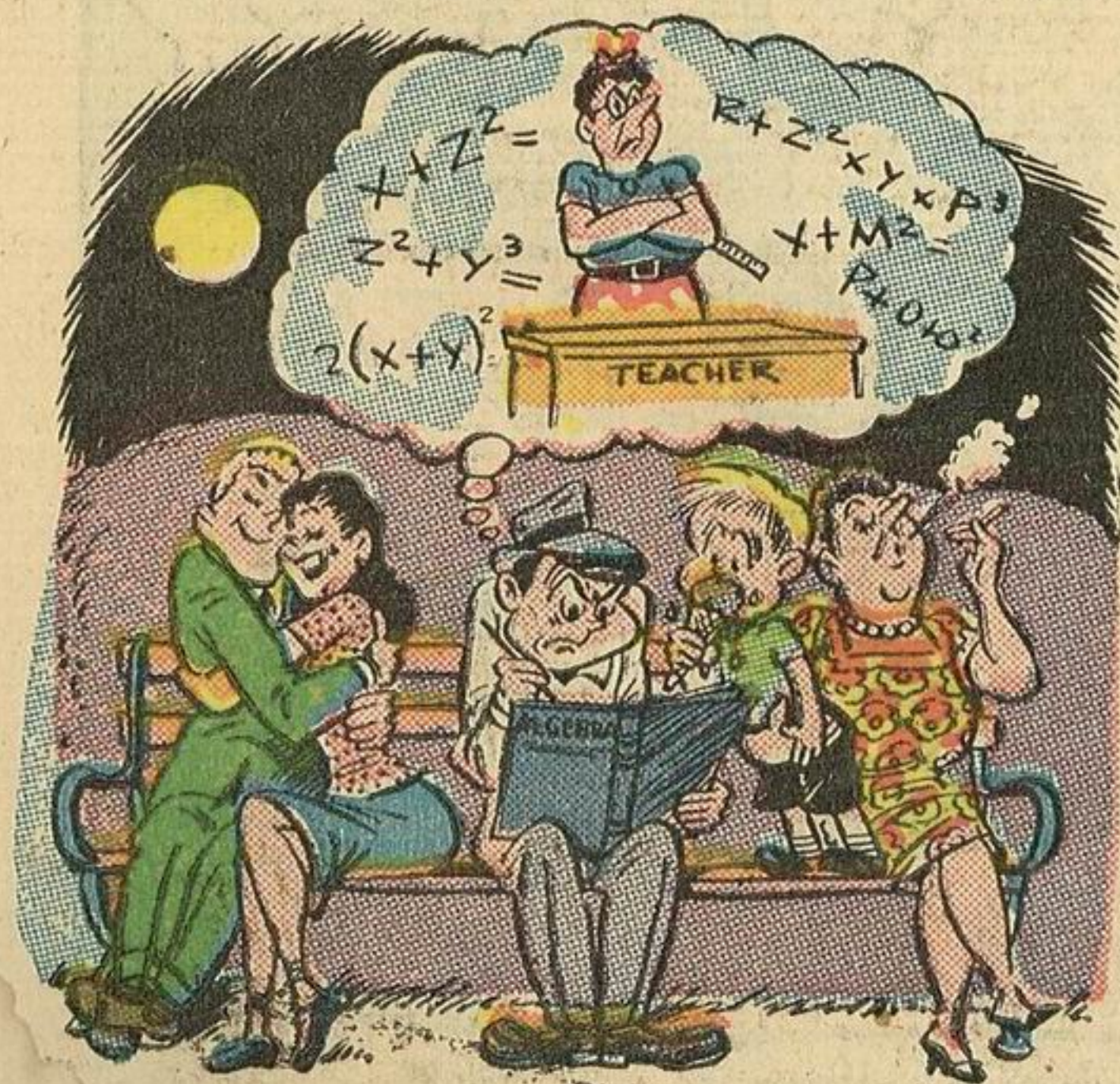
"I think I'll pass," he mumbled, too tired to talk clearly. "In fact, I'm sure I'll pass . . . if I can stay awake!"

Miss Bibblesnicker's classroom was orderly that morning. Everyone looked expectantly at teacher, who faced the students, arms folded, a frown on her face. By concentrating, Jit could just about manage to keep his eyes open.

"Class," said Miss Bibblesnicker, "I have an announcement to make. In view of the fact that the school board has selected today to visit our school, there will be no algebra examination this morning!"

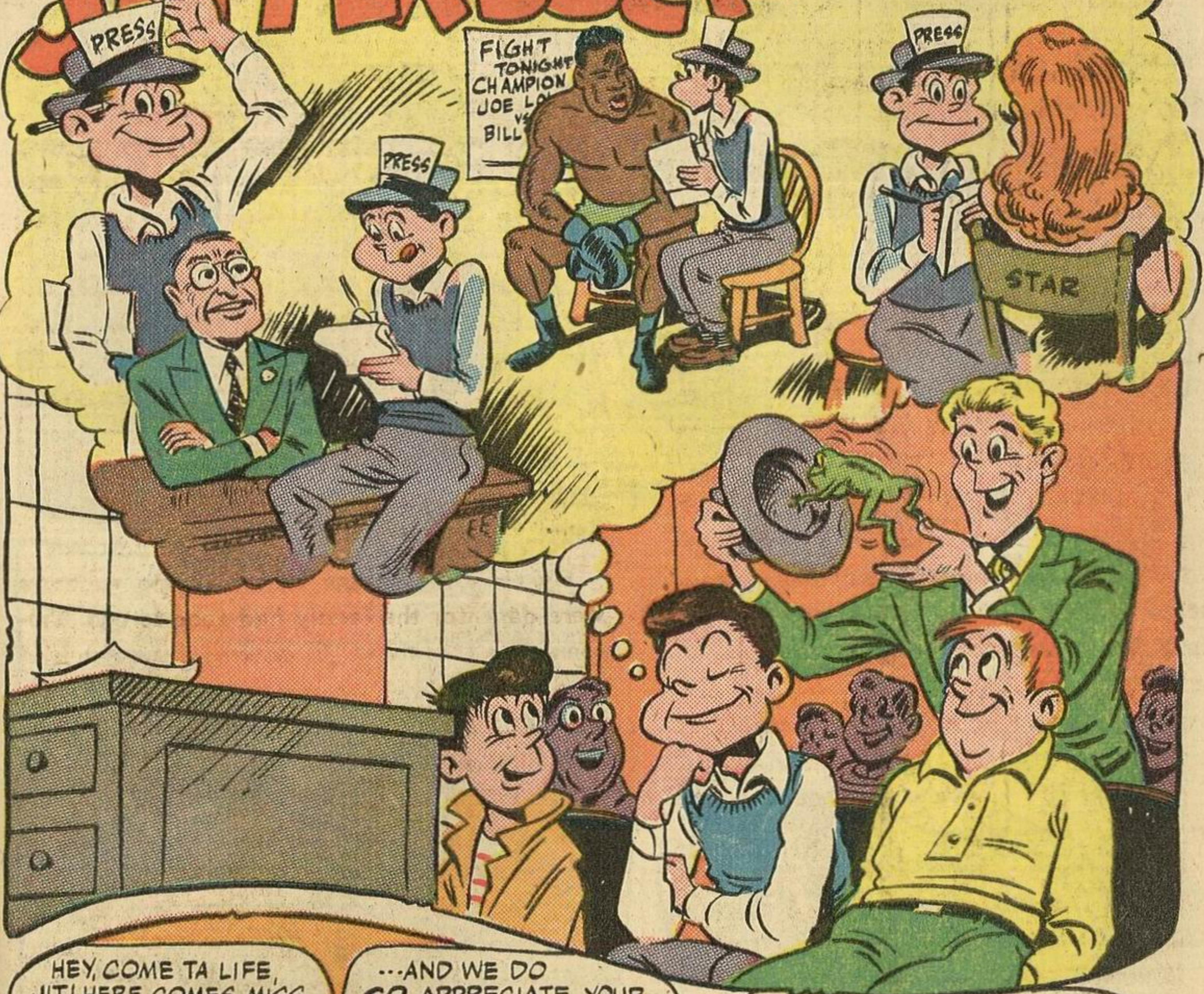
An appreciative hum filled the classroom. There was only one jarring note. Jitterbuck's head had fallen forward on his desk with a loud thud.

He snored, too!



WITTERBUCK

"NO NEWS IS
GOOD NEWS"



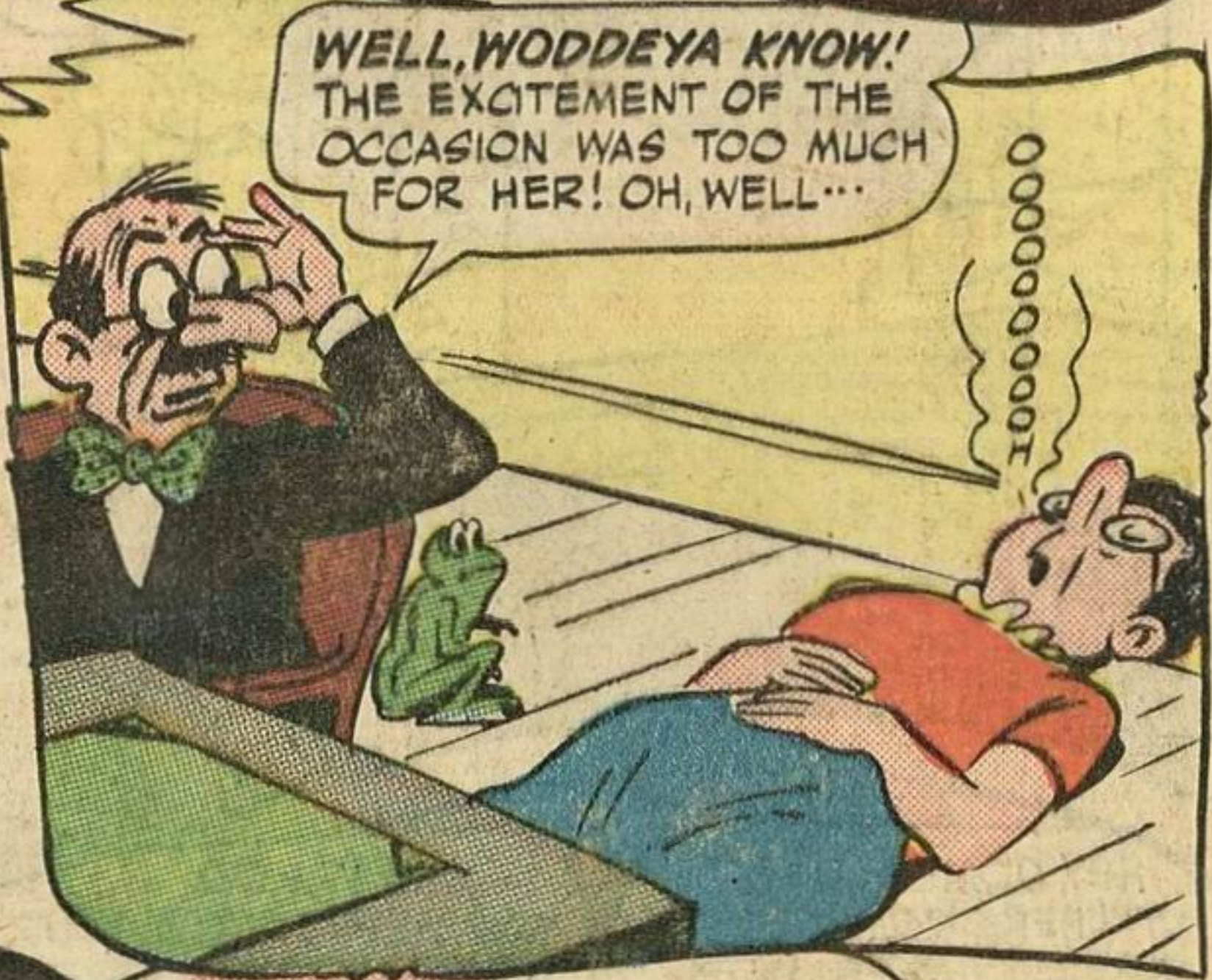
HEY, COME TA LIFE,
JIT! HERE COMES MISS
BIBBLESNICKER WITH
THE NEWSPAPER
EDITOR NOW!

...AND WE DO
SO APPRECIATE YOUR
NEWSPAPER'S COOPERATION
IN THIS VERY
WORTHY CAUSE!

НУН... 3

AS YOU ALL KNOW...TODAY IS THE DAY WE ANNOUNCE THE NAME OF THE BOY WHOSE LITERARY EFFORTS IN THE PAST YEAR BEST FIT HIM FOR A SUMMER JOB AS REPORTER WITH THE *DAILY SKOOKUM!*

!



I KIN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!
MY FIRST JOB...A **REPORTER**
...AN' COVERIN' A BOXIN'-
MATCH, AT THAT! WAIT'LL
THE GANG...

...AND DON'T FORGET
THAT'S **MY** TYPEWRITER
YOU'VE GOT THERE!

The fifth round...

...THE BIG PALOOKA DOESN'T
STAND A CHANCE! FROM
WHERE I SIT, HE'S JUST A
BIG TUB OF LARD...

POW!
DOOF!

HE JUST GOT KNOCKED
FOR A LOOP, AND IS THAT
MUSIC TO MY EARS...

TAP
TAP
TAP

**SIX...
NINE...
EIGHT...**

...FROM WHERE I SIT,
HE'S JUST A BIG TUB
OF LARD...

**WHY, YOUSE
LITTLE PUNK!
I'LL...**

HUH?

PRESS

Meanwhile...

BUT ALL THIS IS **VERY** CONFUSING!

YES, I KNOW... BUT IT WAS ZOOT HERE WHO WAS TO HAVE GOTTEN THE REPORTING JOB AWARD! YOU SEE, WHEN THAT BEAST JUMPED AT ME... ANYWAY, IT WAS A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

UH-HUH! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



SO THE EDITOR HEAVES THIS DOPE OUT... TURNS TO ME AN' SEZ: "ZOOT, MY BOY, YOU'VE GOT **CLASS!** GO COVER THE GOULDABILT WEDDING TOMORROW!" SO TOMORROW AFTERNOON AT FIVE..."

STOW IT, ZOOT! **THE BRAIN'S** WORKIN' ON AN **IDEA!**

HERE IT COMES, JIT!

IT IS MY CONSIDERED JUDGMENT, JITTERBUCK, THAT WHAT THE **DAILY SKOOKUM** NEEDS TO HELP ITS CIRCULATION IS SOME FORM OF **CRUSADE!**



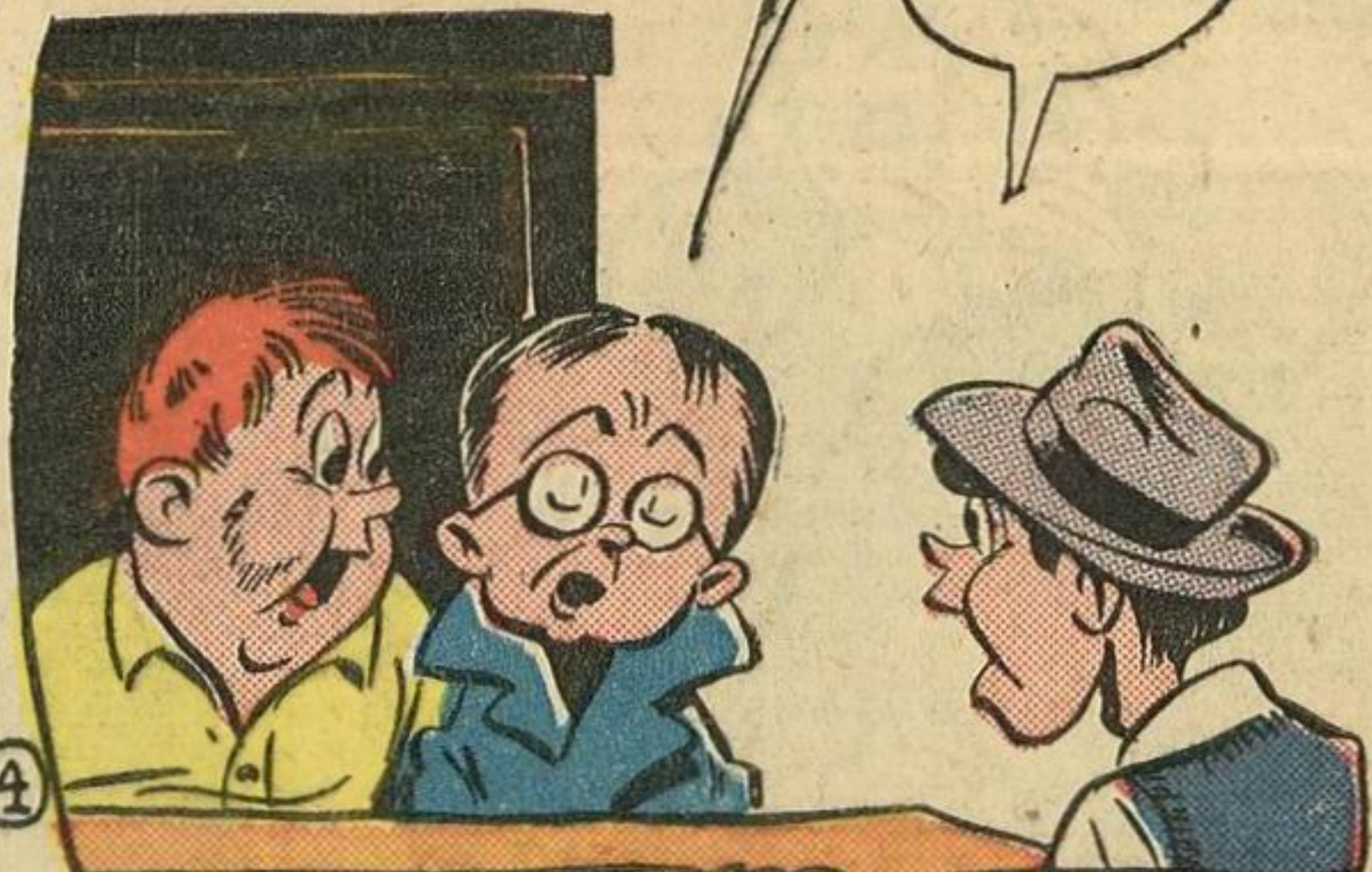
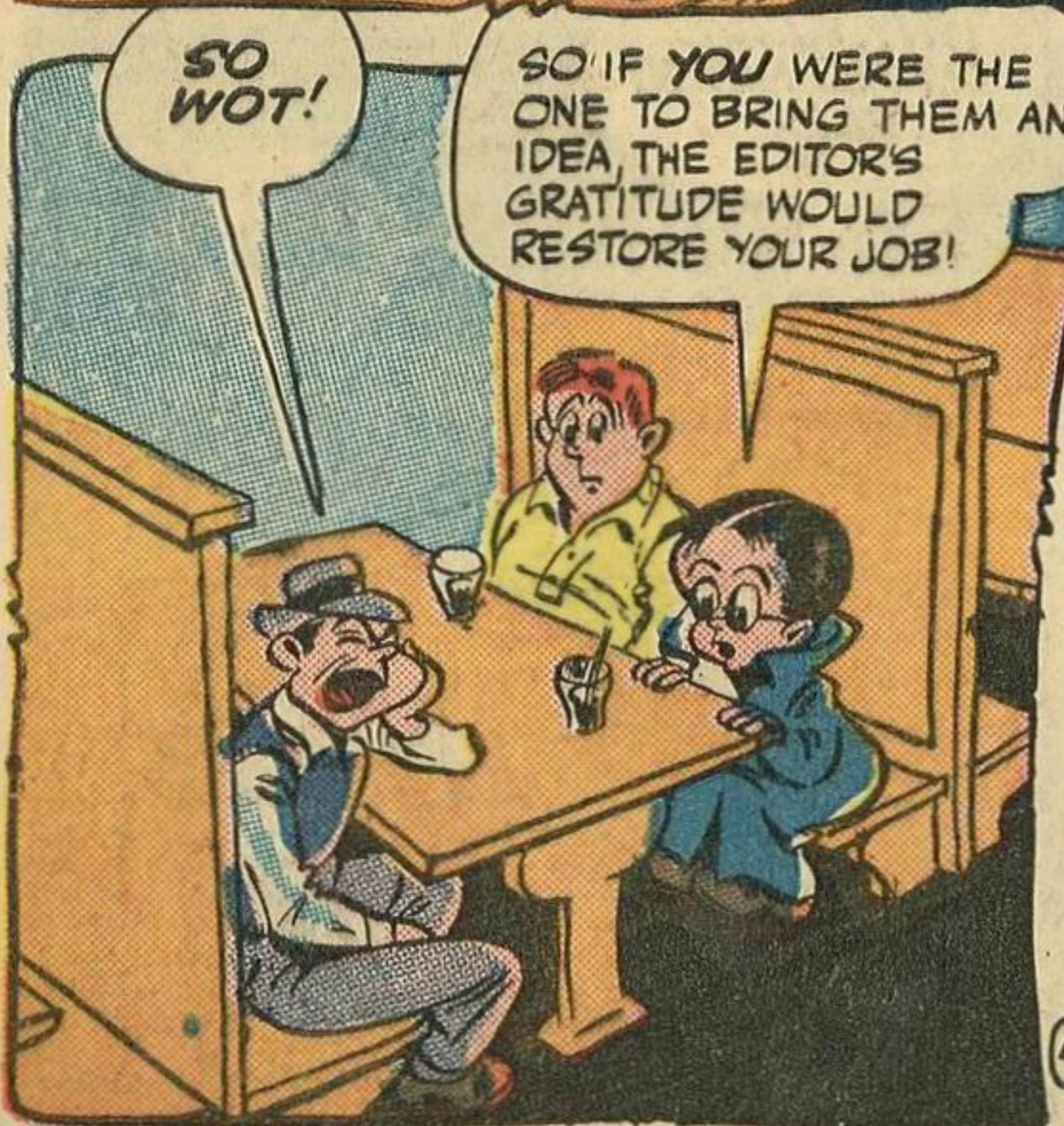
SO WOT!

SO IF YOU WERE THE ONE TO BRING THEM AN IDEA, THE EDITOR'S GRATITUDE WOULD RESTORE YOUR JOB!

DID YA HAVE ANYTHIN' **SPECIAL** IN MIND, BRAIN?

MOST **DECIDEDLY!** SUPPOSE YOU CONCENTRATED ON THE LACK OF HOUSING... SUPPOSE YOU WERE TO CAMPAIGN FOR THOSE WITH LARGE HOMES, TO SHARE THEM WITH LESS FORTUNATE G.I.'s!

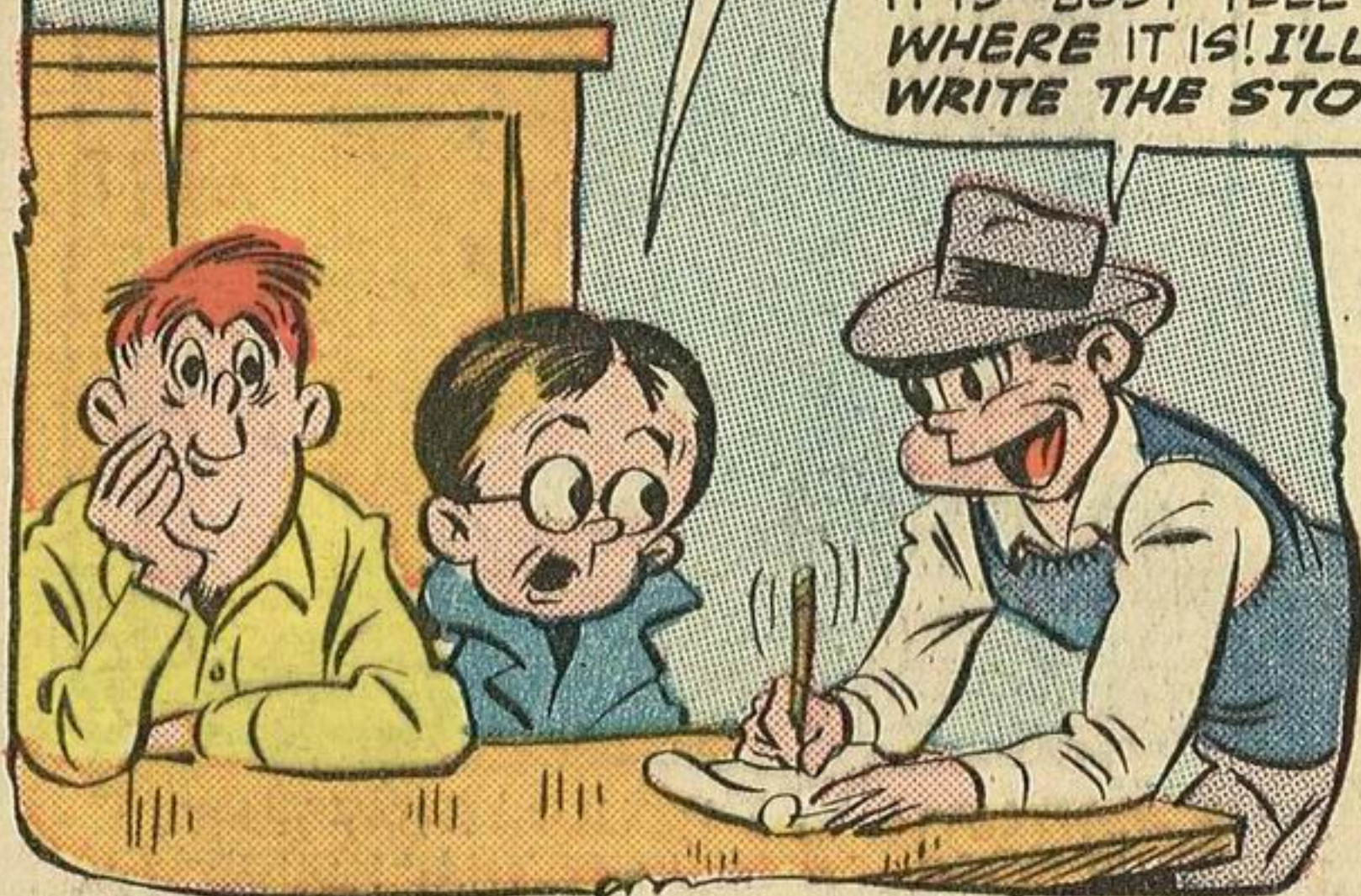
HEY!



NICE GOIN', BRAIN!
NOW LESSEE...WHO'S
SOMEBODY WITH A
BIG HOUSE?

THERE'S AN ENORMOUS
MANSION OUT ON FAIRWAY
DRIVE! I DON'T KNOW
WHOM IT BELONGS TO,
BUT...

NEVER MIND *WHOSE*
IT IS...JUST TELL ME
WHERE IT IS! I'LL
WRITE THE STORY!



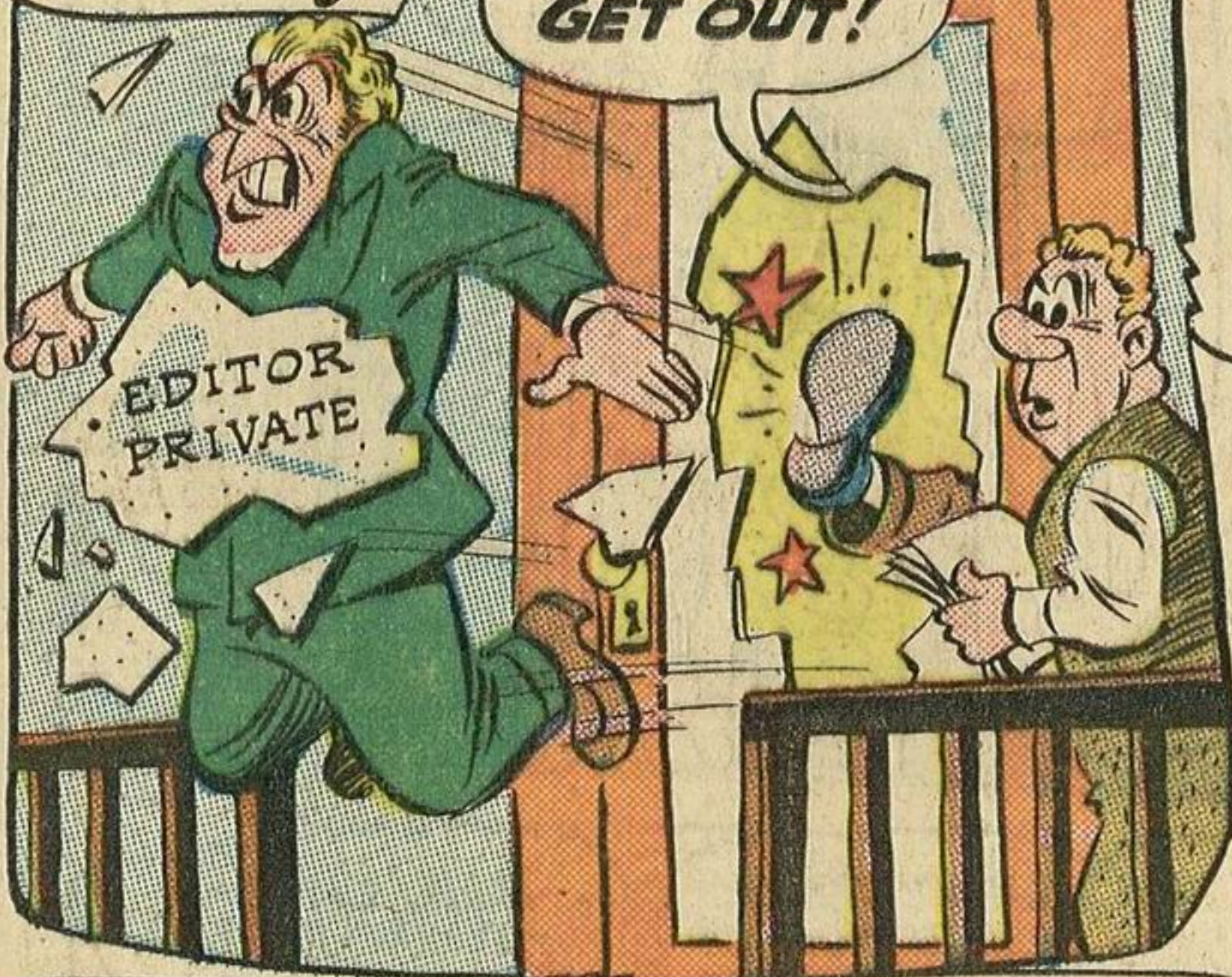
And so, far into the night...

...AND YOU G.I.'S OUGHT TO TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF THIS! AFTER ALL,
IT'S A BIG HOUSE...AND I'M SURE
THE OWNER WOULD TAKE A
PATRIOTIC ATTITUDE ABOUT
BETTERING YOUR LOT...



Next day...

NO STORY,
HE SEZ!
GET OUT!



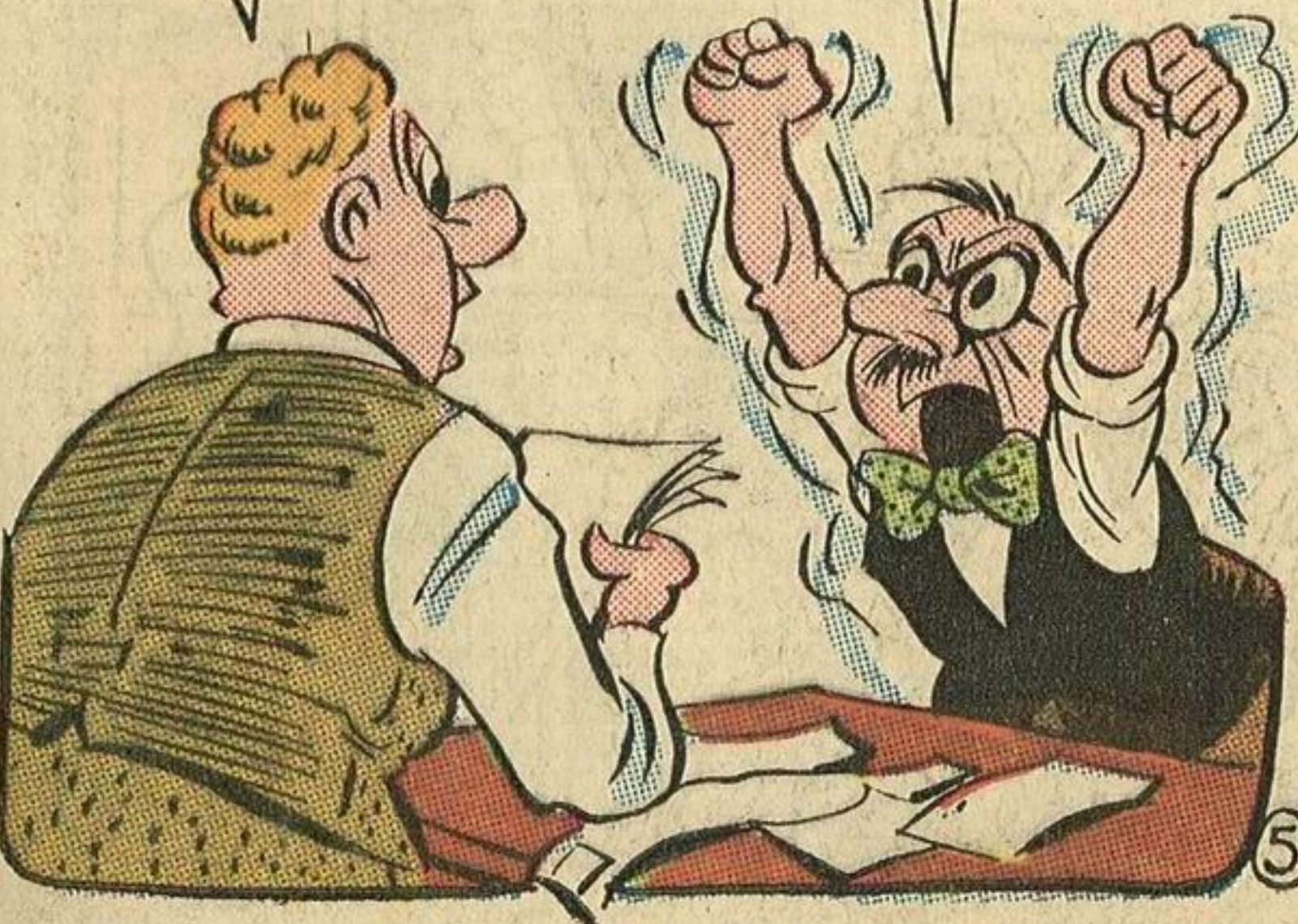
NO STORY! I SEND HIM OUT TO COVER A
WEDDING...THE GROOM TURNS OUT TO BE
A NAZI SPY...HIS FIRST WIFE TURNS UP
AND HITS THE BRIDE WITH A LIT CANDLE
...HER OLD MAN JUMPS TO THE RESCUE...
HIS MOUSTACHE CATCHES FIRE...AND
BEFORE IT'S OVER, THE CHURCH BURNS
DOWN! AND HE COMES BACK AND
TELLS ME THERE'S NO STORY!

OH-HHHHH!



SAY, BOSS! SOME GUY
JUST BROUGHT IN A
STORY ON THE HOUSING
SHORTAGE, AN'...

WELL, GO AHEAD
...USE IT! WE NEED
SOMETHING TO
FILL UP SPACE!



YA MEAN...
YER GONNA
PRINT
IT?

YEH, YEH,
SON...
HUH?

I SAID IF ANY-
ONE WANTS ME...
TELL THEM I'VE
GONE HOME FOR
A NICE, LONG
REST!



Later... {...AN' WHEN I HEARD OF YOUR SUCCESS, JITTERBUCK, I DECIDED TO THROW A PARTY FOR YOU! SO BE AT THE HOUSE IN ABOUT AN HOUR, CAREER BOY!

HEY, JIT!

THAT'S RIGHT! THE EDITOR WANTS ME TA BRING YA OUT TA HIS PLACE RIGHT AWAY!

AH...AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT, NO DOUBT! S'LONG, KIDS...SEE YA AT THE SHINDIG LATER!

MM-MMMM! SUCCESS IS A WONDERFUL THING, ISN'T IT?

I WOULDN'T KNOW, SON... I WOULDN'T KNOW!

HOLY MATILDA! WOT'S UP, BOSS... RELATIVES?

I WOULDN'T SAY THAT! YOU SEE, THAT HOUSE WHICH YOUNG MR. JITTERBUCK HERE WROTE UP HAPPENED TO BE MY HOUSE! GR-RRRRR!

B-BUT I'M SORRY, SIR... I'M AWFULLY S-S...

OH, DON'T APOLOGIZE, MY BOY! IN SOME WAYS, THAT WAS A VERY GOOD IDEA OF YOURS!

GEE! THEN YA THINK YA MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE ME, HUH?

ABSOLUTELY! YOU SEE, MOST OF THE EX-SOLDIERS AND THEIR WIVES SPEND THEIR EVENINGS AT SCHOOL--SO FROM NOW ON, YOUR JOB WILL BE...

...BABY SITTER, MY YOUNG FRIEND!

GULP!

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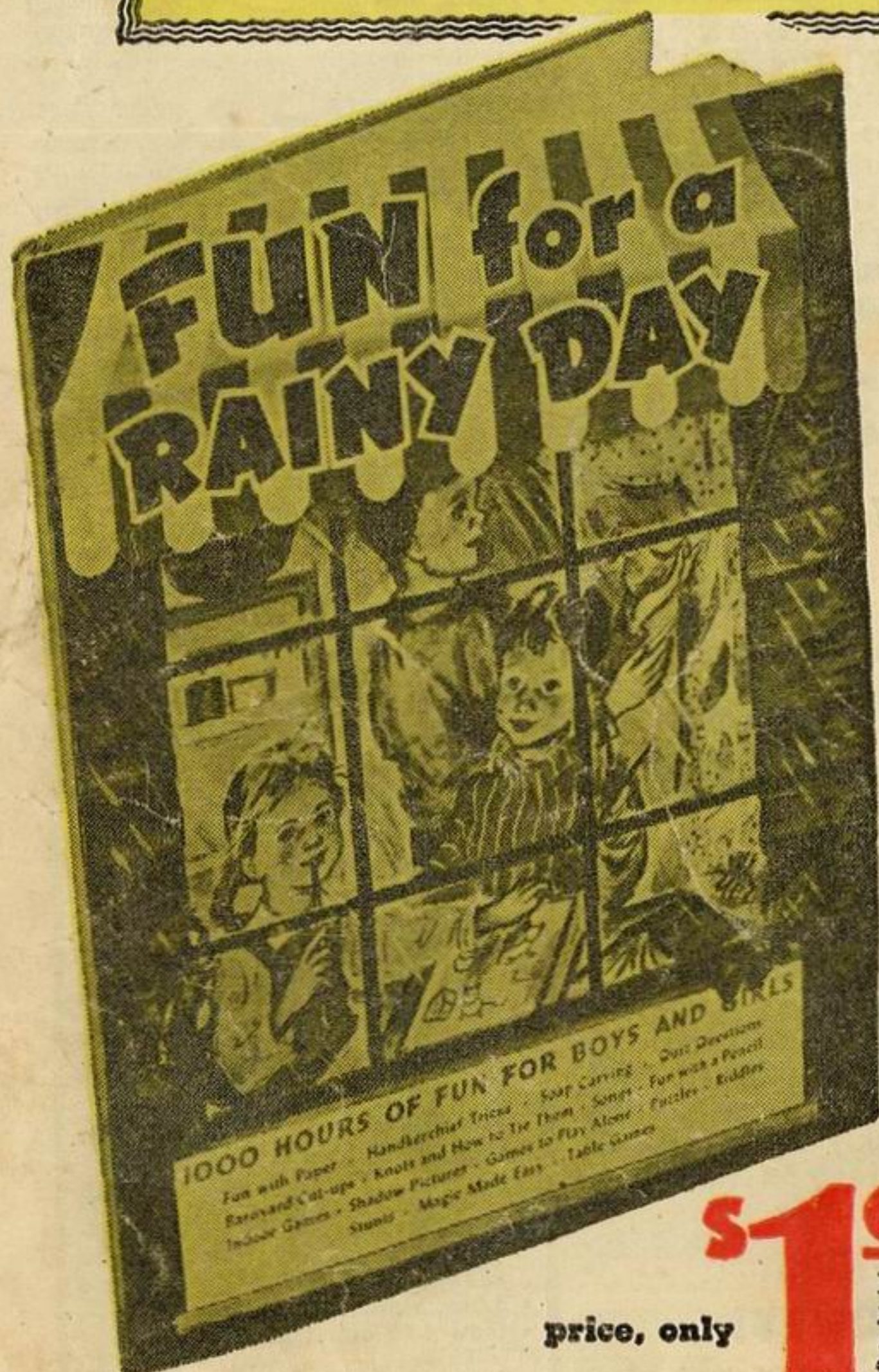
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